

# The Freeman

VOL. VII. No. 169.

NEW YORK, 6 JUNE, 1923

15 CENTS

## CURRENT COMMENT, 289

### TOPICS OF THE TIME

- The League in the Saar, 292  
Prelude in Asia Minor, 292  
Fearful Patriots, 293  
A Fortuitous Advantage, 294

### MISCELLANY, 295

### POETRY

- The Cracked Bell, and The  
Former Life, by Charles Bau-  
delaire, 296

- The Poetry of Padraic Colum, by  
Llewelyn Powys, 296  
Rarer Songs of the Gods, by  
Evelyn Benham, 298

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD

- The Man With the Shovel, by  
Charles Harris Whitaker, 299

### MUSIC

- Notes on Musical Criticism, by  
B. H. Haggin, 300

### THE DRAMA

- Reinhard Goering, by Barrett  
H. Clark, 302

### LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

- A Word to the Wicked, by  
Flora Warren Seymour, 305;  
The Great White Way, by  
Walter White, 305; The Lost  
Clause, by Samuel B. Petten-  
gill, 305

### BOOKS

- Religious Evolution, by Her-  
man Simpson, 306  
An Italian Feminist, by Helen  
Rose Balfe, 308  
Dangerous Reading, by Paxton  
Hibben, 309  
A Minor Artist, by Edwin  
Muir, 309  
Human Geography, by Edward  
Townsend Booth, 310  
Shorter Notices, 311

## CURRENT COMMENT.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, whose larger political capabilities are virtually unknown and untested, has become head of the British Government at a time of uncommon turmoil and confusion on the Continent, with British prestige at an unprecedentedly low ebb. He finds the French Government engaged in obstinate and not very lucrative efforts to loot Germany; Germany itself in a state of unstable political equilibrium; the Polish Government feverishly arming and drilling as if for some fresh aggression; most of the new States on the verge of bankruptcy and prey to internal convulsions; the Near East still in an unsettled condition, with a new war threatening; British relations with Russia at the breaking-point.

POSSIBLY Mr. Baldwin may prove himself a statesman of sufficient ability to cope with these difficulties, but the chances are that no medicine that can be brewed by British Tories of the die-hard stripe will be adequate to cure the ills of Europe. The ailments would seem to demand political physicians of a more advanced school. Mr. Baldwin is sadly handicapped by his environment and his associates. He is doubtless handicapped also by his own temperament. Americans will at once recall his extremely undiplomatic and ill-tempered outburst against the American Senate after he had returned home from our shores carrying with him Mr. Mellon's agreement reducing by some \$90 million a year the interest on the British debt to American taxpayers. Mr. Baldwin acted as if he considered it an outrage that the Senators did not compel the American taxpayers to assume virtually all the interest on the British debt. If he displays a similar temper in dealing with the present perilous European situation, there are likely to be fine ructions before the year is out.

THE new British Government's first decision is the encouraging one that for the present at least commercial relations with Russia will not be severed. In view of the sweeping concessions made by the Russian Government in order to save the situation, Premier Baldwin could scarcely have decided otherwise without laying himself open to embarrassing attacks. The Russian Government agrees to pay compensation in every case cited by Lord Curzon

of alleged ill-treatment of British subjects. It formally disavows its recent note to which Lord Curzon objected. It is willing to undertake fresh reciprocal agreements to refrain from propaganda. Pending an adjudication of the dispute about the rights of British fishing vessels within Russia's traditional twelve-mile limit, the Russians will permit British trawlers to cast their nets up to the three-mile limit along the Russian coast. This last concession seems even more than reasonable, for as far back as 1911, Sir Edward Grey conceded that Russia's twelve-mile limit for fishing vessels was a matter for international adjudication. Britain's case, moreover, is the weaker in that the British Government insists on a twenty-four mile limit in the pearl-fisheries of Ceylon.

By yielding completely to Lord Curzon's arrogant demands, the Russian diplomats demonstrated that above all things they desire opportunity for peaceful reconstruction. They showed a lively appreciation of the probability that a break with England would mean a renewal, in some form, of the war against Russia. As for Mr. Baldwin, if he is the shrewd business man that his admirers say he is, he ought to take advantage of the opportunity to extend British trade-contacts with Russia, rather than break them off. Britain's business with Russia in 1922 amounted to about \$65 million, an increase of one hundred per cent over the previous year. This is not a huge figure, but the steady increase of productivity in Russia indicates that the Russian market offers prospects too valuable to permit it to be cast aside because of Lord Curzon's prejudices.

ABOUT nine times out of ten we find ourselves in cordial disagreement with Maximilian Harden; but we are able heartily to subscribe to the following blunt statement, in his recent interview in the *New York Times*, about the meaning of the present situation in the Ruhr: "The Schneider-Loucheur-Poncet Company wished to form a great trust in iron ore and coke and offered forty-nine per cent of its stock to the Germans, keeping fifty-one per cent; but Stinnes, Krupp, Thyssen, Klockner and Company refused, fearing France's majority and thus the decline of their productive force. The French are not so strong as the Germans along these lines, especially in social questions, relations with workmen, etc., being so reactionary that German workmen would not tolerate their methods. This is the main object and key to the Ruhr conflict; the rest is a façade for the man in the street, who can not take a passionate interest in the question of the gains of industrial capitalists." Just so; and it is because the façade is so thin and the real object of this highwaymanry so easily discernible, that it is valuable to have that object pointed out to the man in the street as often as possible. This thinly veiled struggle of rival privilege offers a splendid object-lesson in the uses of government.

SPEAKING of the Ruhr, a friend of ours has taken us to task for our editorial of last week, in which we remarked that the atrocities being perpetrated in that section were the sort of thing to be expected wherever an invading army is released upon a defenceless population.



Our friend contended that we should have given consideration to the fact that this invasion was undertaken in peace-time, not in war, and that these atrocities are much more reprehensible on that account. We can not quite take this view. The state of peace in Europe under the treaty of Versailles has never been more than theoretical; therefore M. Poincaré's soldiers can only be regarded as carrying on a war which was transformed, not ended, by the peace-terms, as the honest M. Clemenceau pointed out. Moreover, it is perhaps worth remarking that any Government which occupies a foreign country necessarily undertakes a state of war, whether it makes a formal declaration or not; its domination must be preserved by military force, and this is usually accompanied by a plentiful harvest of atrocities. We cite the action of American forces in the Philippines and around the Caribbean, and of British forces in India and Mesopotamia. The difference between this arbitrary and cruel subjection of an alien population and the subjection of the population at home lies merely in the degree of force required to accomplish it. Governments may be rightly said to be in a state of constant war against their own peoples.

M. POINCARÉ's pettish pretence of resigning, because the French Senate decided that it was not within its province to conduct a trial for sedition against Deputy Marcel Cachin and his fellow-Communists, gives colour to the reports in some of the British newspapers that the French Premier has suffered an appreciable loss of popular support. It would be curious if he had not, for as far as the general public is concerned the only result of the occupation of the Ruhr has been a steady rise in the prices of necessities and a large increase in the cost of Government. Outside of France, M. Poincaré can get little comfort from the European press. Indeed, the people of the neighbouring countries have come to look upon the French Government as the bully of the European community; and this fairly-earned reputation is no doubt causing dismay among an increasing number of French citizens. Unless M. Poincaré can before long effect some dramatic change in the situation in the Ruhr, it would seem that his ship of State is likely to encounter some rough weather in the domestic waters.

UNDER the circumstances it need cause no astonishment that the French forces in the Ruhr Valley have looked on with benevolent neutrality while the German Communist workers have staged a strike and have even seized power in certain localities. What could be more effective than a Communist demonstration, to bring Herr Stinnes and his associates among the German industrialists to time, and make them regard more favourably the proposals of the Comité des Forges? Inspired reports from Paris have been making the most of the Communist demonstration in the Ruhr; with suspicious promptitude they blossomed with tales of huge golden subsidies being poured in from Moscow, to turn Germany red. At this writing it seems doubtful whether Moscow is as much concerned in the disturbances as Paris. One wonders if M. Poincaré and the French industrialists have decided on an heroic bit of strategy. If this be so, they have apparently reached the stage where they are willing to take chances. It is said (on rather poor authority, we admit) that not many years ago the Kaiser's Government actively encouraged Bolshevik disturbances in Tsarist Russia; but the result surely surpassed the Kaiser's expectations when the revolutionary chickens came home to roost. If, by a long chance, the Red infection spreads to Germany, we may live to see the day when M. Poincaré and the members of the Comité des Forges will hastily purchase one-way tickets for the hospitable shores of America.

DURING his recent visit to this country, Lord Robert Cecil was frequently quoted by his admirers as emphatically stating that the League of Nations ought to intervene in the Ruhr, and might do so if only some one of the Governments in its membership would undertake to call the League's attention to M. Poincaré's aggression and its attendant dangers to the cause of peace and reconstruction. Now that Lord Robert has become a member of the British Government, it will be possible to gauge his sincerity in this matter. If his bold American pronouncements in favour of intervention were not mere diplomatic buncombe, he must speedily persuade his Government to bring the case of the Ruhr before the League—if indeed he has not made that a condition of accepting a portfolio in the Cabinet—or he must resign in the interests of his own self-respect.

WE gather from certain news-dispatches that Vorovsky, the Russian Government's observer who was assassinated at Lausanne, handled some of the State property in jewels and trinkets that his Government has been selling abroad to aid in famine-relief and the rehabilitation of industry. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, Vorovsky had in a safe-deposit box in a bank at Lausanne fifteen million francs from the proceeds of these sales. Before Vorovsky's body was cold, the Swiss Government seized the money. In explanation of this theft it asserted that the money was a "propaganda fund." It further declared that the money was to be used as compensation for various Swiss citizens whose properties in Russia were said to have been confiscated or rendered valueless under Russian revolutionary laws.

UNDER this practice, obviously, the Swiss Government could seize American funds deposited in Swiss banks, on the plea that it wished to remunerate certain of its citizens who had investments in American breweries or distilleries the business of which was in effect confiscated by the Volstead law. This would be sufficiently high-handed; but in the case of Vorovsky's money the Swiss Government went a bit farther. According to its statement, the principal Swiss claimant against Russia was Alexander Conradi, the murderer of Vorovsky, who alleges that he possessed Russian property worth a million francs, which has been nationalized. To seize the treasure of one's murdered guest in order to pay a million francs to his assassin seems a bit raw, even for a political Government. Probably the prisons of Switzerland are providing hospitality for a number of hardened criminals whose consciences would reject such an act.

IN the first statement given out by Mr. James Larkin after his return to the British Isles, and published in the *Workers' Weekly* of London, there is not much definite information for those who are wondering what this redoubtable labour-leader will be up to next. However, the statement gives ground for the hope that Mr. Larkin may be able to re-import into the Irish situation that element of Irish wit which has been so conspicuous, recently, by its absence. For example, he says that as a good Britisher ("that is, according to international law; not by inclination, willingness, or conviction"), he was horrified to discover that the most respected passengers of the liner on which he sailed were "a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern, and a number of German ladies, formerly housemaids or bedroom-servants to the late Empress of Germany." He says that this Prince, and these idle ladies, set down as "princesses, countesses and other essesses" were waited upon obsequiously, with no end of bowing, scraping and fawning, by British officers and men with as many bars to their war-medals as the Prince of Wales.



This sort of thing made Jim Larkin a little sick, and no wonder; but let us wait and hear what he will have to say when he finds that the relations between the politicians and the privilegees of the Free State are very similar to those between the stewards and scullery maids of the "Majestic," and their noble passengers.

A COMMITTEE of executives in the steel industry, headed by Judge Gary, has decided, for reasons described as moral and social as well as material, to retain the twelve-hour day. In its report the committee takes the view that the twelve-hour shift is less fatiguing than the general run of employment on an eight-hour basis. It asserts that the abolition of the longer schedule would necessitate the employment of 60,000 more men in the steel industry, and would increase the cost of production by fifteen per cent; and it intimates that the shorter day is not desired by the steel-workers themselves. In connexion with the presentation of the report before the Iron and Steel Institute, Judge Gary made a speech in which he said that no controversy could be settled fairly except in accordance with the principles of the Christian religion. He urged every one to read the Bible, "the book of books," and declared that the nation's laws should be based on the principles of Holy Writ. He added that it pays to follow a Christian course. As the members of Mr. Gary's industrial army fare blithely homewards after their brief twelve-hour exercise at the blast furnaces, they are doubtless greatly heartened by the thought that they are serving Christian uplift as well as the United States Steel Corporation.

MR. FRANK A. MUNSEY has purchased the New York *Globe*, which is the sixth metropolitan newspaper he has acquired in the last few years. Two of his purchases were annihilated in the interest of the others, and it is reported that the *Globe* is slated for a similar fate. This seems a pity, because the *Globe* was about the only approach to a liberal paper in the evening field, and it applied to the interpretation of current events a bolder intelligence than Mr. Munsey seems able to inspire in his editors. By a curious coincidence, on the day this purchase was announced, the people of the city gave a striking demonstration of the decline in the social and political influence of the local press. The occasion was the opening of the celebration of the silver jubilee of Greater New York. Because of their antagonism to the city administration, the newspapers attempted to drench this affair in cold water. When Mayor Hylan requested a modest appropriation to cover the expenses of the celebration, the editors bitterly complained that he was looting the city treasury. When it was announced that the celebration would be opened with a great parade, the papers intimated that all the employers of the city were being compelled against their will to participate. Despite this persistent belittlement by the press, the parade was the most spontaneous civic demonstration that has been held in New York in many a year. The strap-hangers turned out with unexampled enthusiasm, and the 40,000 marchers obviously enjoyed every step of the long hike.

Nor for a long time have we seen anything touching the race-problem that impressed us so favourably as the current issue of the *Messenger*, a periodical published in New York City under the editorship and management of a Negro staff. The feature of special interest in this issue, for May, is a collection of some forty book-reviews contributed by Negro writers. As one examines the list, one discovers a number of volumes by Negro authors, and a number of others that deal, more or less specifically, with the race-problem; and yet one is impressed, above

all, by the interest that is here displayed in the general culture of the time. Some of the books under review are "The Social Trend" by Edward A. Ross, "Print of My Remembrance" by Augustus Thomas, "The Story of Mankind," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, "Jurgen," by James Branch Cabell, and "The Outline of Science," by J. Arthur Thomson. The selection is somewhat light on the side of *belles lettres*, except where the works of Negro authors are concerned; and then too there would seem to be no good reason why the list of reviewers should not have been extended to include a few non-Negro writers. However, these are minor matters, for it is already clear enough that the human spirit predominates over the racial in the policy of this magazine.

In the presence of an increasing demand for labour in the North, our friends in the South are having a good deal of trouble keeping the Negro in his place, geographically and economically. Sheer terrorism is undoubtedly being employed to prevent the foundation of Southern life from slipping out from under; and besides this, there is the legal, if lawless, scheme of penalizing the agents who entice the Negroes to leave their native paradise. With the intention of putting an obstacle in the way of competitive bidding, many of the Southern States and municipalities have prohibited the solicitation of labour by unlicensed agents, and only the other day two such agents operating in North Carolina and Virginia were fined, respectively, five hundred dollars and one thousand dollars for telling the black folk where they could get better jobs. A more effective method of keeping the Southern Negro in hand is undoubtedly the peonage-system of keeping him perpetually in debt; but in spite of all the obstacles that have been placed in their way, the black people are drifting northward, and their white friends are being put to a test that will help to determine what sort of stuff the abolitionist sentiment was made of.

We remember being very much impressed, before the war, by the heavy and brutal character of some of the public monuments erected in Germany during the last quarter-century or so. At that time, we had never seen anything of quite this same quality here in the United States; but now the old feeling of revulsion has been revived again by a visit to the exhibition of the American Society of Sculptors, in New York City. There were several admirable pieces on display, but the war-memorials somehow fascinated us and drew us away from the finer things. In several of these memorials, and in one in particular (the work of an artist whose name has escaped us), the hard, metallic spirit of the battle-monument at Leipzig is reproduced to the life. The truth is, of course, that we have been through a thoroughly mechanistic and soulless war, and are now by way of commemorating this piece of history in art-forms that do full and terrible justice to their time. Personally, we know of only one instance in which an American memorial embodies a finer spirit; and here, in the Harvard group now installed temporarily in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, the observer will find nothing to remind him, even remotely, of the war as he experienced it.

*The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.*

*It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.*

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Harold Kellock, Suzanne La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Gerold Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by the Freeman Corporation, B. W. Huebsch, Gen'l Mgr., 116 West 14th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurlie, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 11. Copyright, 1923, by The Freeman Corporation, 6 June, 1923. Vol. VII. No. 169. Entered as second-class matter 12 March, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y.; under the act of 3 March, 1879.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### THE LEAGUE IN THE SAAR.

IF the League of Nations ever had any prestige, save in the minds of credulous sentimentalists, the last vestiges of that prestige must have been brought to smash by present conditions in Europe. One after another the vague piosities which compose the covenant of the League have been torn to tatters by the Governments within the League, until the whole structure is merely so much political debris. Worthy people in every country in Europe, who were originally taken in in great numbers by the highly moral promises of its progenitors, have of late been turning away from the League in disgust and loathing. Their attitude is reflected in the liberal press wherever it survives in Europe. The indifference of the League to the high-handed aggression of the French Government in the Ruhr awakened many persons to the real nature of this International of the Great Powers. The fact that the Continent, with Central Europe disarmed, must still support nearly a million and a half more soldiers than before the war, is steadily increasing the tide of cynicism. "The members of the League," declared Article VIII of the covenant, "recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety." That clause was solemnly adopted four years ago; and it is now clear that it had no meaning whatever.

For American consumption, propagandists of the League have made much of the assertion that Austria has been "saved" by the action of the altruistic political concern at Geneva in appointing a commissioner representing the League and certain bankers, to snatch Austria from bankruptcy and look after her welfare. Under the dictatorship of this dignitary, Austrian exchange rose somewhat from the abysmal depths, amidst salvos of applause from the interested politicians; and it was proclaimed to the world that only the League could have effected this work of salvation. It now appears, however, that in saving Austria, the politicians and bankers of the League left the Austrian people out of consideration. Under the new dispensation, the cost of living in Vienna has been steadily rising, until it is again at the level attained last September, when the krone was in a state of complete collapse. During the month ending 15 April, the price-level of necessities rose seven per cent. At the Austrian labour-exchanges 100,000 unemployed workers are registered, and in Vienna alone there are said to be over 200,000 workers now merely employed on part time—a distressing number for a city of less than two million population. Under these conditions the masses of the population are being reduced to the most abject poverty. One reads of long queues of people waiting before the State-controlled pawnshops. Relief-organizations assert that they not infrequently find the homes of working people stripped of virtually all furniture save a bedstead, and that without linen or even a mattress. Under the dictatorship of the international bankers, imposed by the League, the majority of the people of this former cultural centre of Europe seem in a fair way to be reduced to the economic standards of Caribbean natives whose autonomy has been gobbled up by some financial monster from New York.

Recent revelations about the League's scandalous administration in the Saar valley have made its pretensions even more derisible. It will be recalled that under the treaty of Versailles the coal-beds of the Saar were turned over to the French Government in

perpetuity, as part of its share of the loot divided at the peace-conference. The administration of the Saar district was placed under a commission of five members selected by the Council of the League, consisting of one Frenchman, one inhabitant of the area, and three other members who must be neither French nor German. The commission was to control the district for a number of years, pending a plebiscite to decide whether the inhabitants of the valley wished to be oppressed by the French or the German Government.

The present governing commission consists of a Frenchman, a Belgian, a Danish citizen who has lived for fifteen years in Paris, a Canadian, and a citizen of the district who is of course not elected, but is picked by the Council of the League in one of its mysterious star-chamber sessions. About the time that M. Poincaré dispatched his army into the Ruhr, the commission in the Saar instituted a series of repressive measures which have virtually destroyed all the ordinary civil liberties, and imposed on the district a regime comparable to the martial law established in the Ruhr. Public meetings are severely restricted. Newspapers are subjected to rigid censorship. A maximum penalty of imprisonment for five years and a fine of 10,000 francs has been decreed for persons in the district who publicly "cast discredit on the treaty of Versailles," or who "insult or traduce" the League, its members, or any State signatory to the treaty, or the governing commission or any of its underlings. Under this sweeping measure about the only safe topic of conversation in the Saar valley is the weather. One may gauge the quality of the member of the governing commission who is supposed to represent the people of the Saar, by the fact that he did not vote against this law; he merely abstained from voting. The law was put through by a majority consisting of the Frenchman, the Belgian and the Parisian Dane. Though this disgraceful piece of tyranny was perpetrated by the commission before the recent meeting of the Council of the League, the Council did not take exception to it. The League betrayed no interest in the fact that its commission had become a catspaw for M. Poincaré and was ruling the district with a complete disregard for the rights of the inhabitants.

Thus in one way and another the sheep's skin of the League, with which the imperial wolves have been cloaking their predatory operations, has been pretty well worn through. Even simple folk are beginning to realize that the fleecy pelt covers no honest and gentle beast. Beyond doubt the best thing that could happen for Europe would be a speedy collapse of the whole thievish organization of the League; and as the various nationalistic rivalries and differences increase, the prospects of a centrifugal smash-up become happily greater.

### PRELUDE IN ASIA MINOR.

"ENGLAND," solemnly declared Lord Robert Cecil during his recent visit in New York, "will never go back on her word." Taking this amiable bit of hokum as a text, Mr. E. N. Bennett contributes to the May issue of *Foreign Affairs* (the original periodical of that name, of course) a simple chronology of diplomatic events leading up to the conference at Lausanne, which we trust will come under observation by Lord Robert's guileless eyes. The record of the British Government and British statesmen in their deals and dickers during the past eight years in regard to territory in Asia Minor, is shown in Mr. Bennett's chronology to have been "unsurpassed for incompetence, greed and shameless lying." The various secret treaties filching Turkish territory, entered into by Mr. Lloyd



George or Lord Curzon, had not the excuse of any military necessity. They were not made, as Mr. Bennett points out, "to secure allies in a time of desperate need." They were simply instruments for international loot."

A few citations from Mr. Bennett's list of facts will serve to illustrate the peculiar deviations of diplomatic policy from the straight and narrow path.

In January, 1915, the British Government made a secret agreement with Hussein, Grand Sherif of Mecca, undertaking to establish "an independent Arab State, independent from every point of view, bounded eastwards by the Persian Gulf, westwards by the Red Sea, Egypt and the Mediterranean, northwards by Aleppo and Mosul." Shortly afterward came the secret treaty with Russia, whereby the British Government agreed that the Tsar was to get Constantinople and the Straits, and the Tsar in return agreed to preserve a benevolent attitude towards British aspirations in Persia, Palestine, Mesopotamia and Egypt. In the spring of the following year, the British Government signed a treaty with France in which the two Governments agreed to divide between themselves a large part of the same territory that Britain had already promised to Hussein.

Early in 1917 Mr. Bonar Law declared: "We are not fighting for additional territory." Some months later Premier Lloyd George made in a solemn manner a more specific pledge. "Nor are we fighting," he asserted, "to deprive Turkey of its capital or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish in race." At this time, of course, Mr. Lloyd George's Government was under binding treaty-obligations to turn the Turkish capital over to the Russian Government; it had signed two somewhat diverse covenants to divorce from Turkish rule huge tracts of predominantly Turkish territory in Asia Minor; and it was preparing to undertake a pledge to give Thrace to the Greek Government!

In January, 1918, the Allies formally accepted as the basis of peace Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, including point twelve, which began: "The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire to be assured a complete sovereignty." In December, in the secret minutes of the Big Four, we find Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau agreeing to a division of Turkish lands in Asia Minor, the French Government to take Syria and Cilicia, the British Government to have Palestine and Mosul. Late in the spring, in violation of the armistice, Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon dispatched the Greek army into Asia Minor, with their blessing. In February, 1920, Mr. Lloyd George found it expedient to reiterate in the House of Commons his pledge to preserve the integrity of Turkish territory in Asia Minor and Thrace. Exactly two months later his Government effected the San Remo agreement, giving Thrace and Smyrna to Greece, Syria and Cilicia to France, Adalia to Italy, and Mesopotamia (including Mosul) and Palestine to Great Britain. The cycle of scraps of paper was complete.

It is clear from these citations that when Lord Robert Cecil informed the credulous Yankees that England—meaning the British Government—never goes back on her word, he was speaking with considerable exaggeration. A much fairer statement would have been that the British Government and British statesmen habitually go back on their word. This habit of mendacity, however, is by no means peculiar to the Government that has its seat in London. It is not for Americans to feel superior as they read the drab chronicle of chicanery and double dealing conducted by

Mr. Lloyd George and his associates. Political government is of the same pattern the world over, and in thus serving up a living example of its manners and practices Mr. Bennett has rendered an educational service to all peoples.

### FEARFUL PATRIOTS.

A FORTNIGHT ago we noted the announcement of the police authorities in New York, apparently in collaboration with the Federal Cheka, that they had caught the man who "blew up" Wall Street in September, 1920. After being held for eleven days without bail, the suspect has been released on the confession of the authorities that they had no evidence whatever to present against him. He fared much better than most of his twenty-odd predecessors who have been arrested at various times, with a horrendous blowing of official horns, as the authentic perpetrators of the "bomb outrage." Though no evidence was adduced against any of these individuals, some of them were kept in jail for months, a few have been deported, and one, Andreas Salsedo, leaped or was hurled to a horrible death from a secret place of incarceration in a downtown skyscraper where he had been imprisoned for weeks without a public hearing. Chief Burns of the Federal Cheka stated at the time that Salsedo's death had frustrated a certain solution of the explosion; but in spite of this, his zealous secret policeman continued at intervals to arrest persons who had no connexion with Salsedo. Meanwhile, in some pigeonhole of the Department of Justice, there still reposes the official report of the Department's expert on explosives, setting forth that the catastrophe in Wall Street was caused, not by a bomb, but by a quantity of blasting-powder which, it is fair to suppose, was being conveyed to some work of excavation in the neighbourhood. Doubtless in due course Chief Burns and the local bomb-squad will serve up to the eager news-editors fresh discoveries of the real culprit in this affair, and the sensational head-lines will blossom anew on the front pages.

The various burlesque arrests in this case have furnished a tremendous amount of material for those busy patriots who insist that the only way to save our institutions from violent overthrow is to restrict individual freedom with the rigour of the late lamented Tsarist regime in Russia. The "bomb outrage" in Wall Street was used as an argument by those who wished to retain in peace the Federal war-time espionage law. It has served as an excuse to promote the passage of restrictive legislation in many States. Chief Burns is now using it as a pretext for his demand that Congress pass repressive legislation "to drive every 'radical' out of the country." At the recent hearing before Governor Smith of New York on the bill repealing the Lusk Laws, it was urged as a reason for retaining the hated espionage system in the schools of the State. "It took only one bomb to bring about the loss of thirty-two lives in the Wall Street explosion," asserted one speaker. "One bad teacher can undo all that has been accomplished by 50,000 good ones."

Our zealous patrioteers need no stimulation from the heady bomb-plot liquors of Chief Burns; they get enough from their own indefatigable imaginations. Time and again during the past few years one or another of them has announced the impending dissolution of American institutions; and they have shown no trace of discouragement over the failure of each successive prophecy. It was predicted that if the Federal espionage law were dropped the country would presently be plunged in bloody revolution. Nothing



happened. The patriots of the American Defence Society warned the Government that if the players of the Moscow Art Theatre were admitted to our shores they would labour unceasingly to establish a Soviet regime here. Mr. Stanislavsky and his associates, during their considerable stay, have shown no trace of interest in politics. The other day the President of the Allied Patriotic Societies solemnly assured Governor Smith that if the Lusk Laws were repealed, Soviet agents here would probably succeed in abolishing God and the home. He declared that the Reds were holding 10,000 meetings in this country every week, that the Department of Justice had been seizing rifles and machine guns from them every few days, and that Mr. Harding would soon convene a special session of Congress to cope with the critical situation. The gobbler's gwine ter git us ef we doan' watch out! Washington promptly asserted that it had no information about the machine guns or the impending extraordinary session of Congress; so presumably these are in the same vaporous category as the 10,000 weekly meetings. Since there are only 12,000 members of the Socialist party in this country, and certainly no greater number of Communists, 10,000 meetings a week would put such a strain on the time of these brethren that unless they enjoyed independent incomes of a non-proletarian order, they would speedily starve. Moreover, if this worthy patriot stopped to think about it, he would realize that any political party that made a practice of subjecting the population to 10,000 meetings a week would soon come to be regarded by the American people as an intolerable nuisance.

For a considerable period we have noted attentively the frequent manifestos, warnings and prophecies of the officers of the various and sundry patriotic societies; and each day our amazement has increased. By what standards, we wonder, are these officers selected? Apparently, unlike college boys and immigrants, they are not winnowed through any intelligence tests. One qualification seems to be an indomitable credulousness; for they not only seem to have complete faith in the endless series of imaginary plots, conspiracies and revolutions served up by the spies and *provocateurs* who draw their sustenance from the patient taxpayers, but they also constantly agitate themselves with the fabrications of those spies who have not yet been put on the governmental pay-rolls, but still eke out a sort of free-lance existence in the private detective agencies. The nationalistic idealism of these (let us not call them "self-styled") patriotic leaders, is combined with an indefatigable pessimism about the institutions of their country, which, like the virtue of Mr. Podsnap's daughter, are so frail that they must through the most extraordinary precautions be preserved from any contact with realities. The confident Socialist will explain these nervous patriots by the theory of economic determinism; but that seems to us somewhat inadequate to account for persons who, apparently for no great monetary reward, subject themselves to a life of delusive fears and tremblings. There must be some deeper-seated reason why men and women of a certain type insist that the political clocks stopped about the year 1800, and that the ideas of those who hold otherwise are a menace to the human race.

We leave the Socialist and the psycho-analyst to wrestle over their respective answers to this riddle. For us it suffices to conclude, from our study of the current phenomena of what is called patriotism, that the much-quoted dictum of Dr. Johnson should be expanded. Patriotism is also the last refuge of the neurasthenic.

## A FORTUITOUS ADVANTAGE.

As we turn the pages of Mrs. Constance Garnett's new translation of Gogol's "Dead Souls" (recently published by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf), and consider the extent to which the reputation of this unfinished novel has hitherto been overshadowed by that of Turgenev's "Sportsman's Sketches," we are reminded once more that the fame and fate of a work of literature is by no means independent of external circumstances. In so far as the artists had here a local and temporal inspiration, it was found in the rural life of Russia, towards the end of the era of serfdom; and in his treatment of these particulars of place and time, as well as in his handling of the universals of human experience, Gogol seems to us to lose nothing by any comparison with Turgenev. In other words, we consider that as history and as literature, "Dead Souls" is as fine a work as the "Sportsman's Sketches"; and it is therefore appropriate that we should explain, if we can, how the sketches have come to be referred to by historians as the pre-eminent literary work dealing with the life of masters and serfs in old Russia.

The explanation is to be found, we think, in a certain difference in the manner of approach to the subject, and in the date of publication, which caused Turgenev's volume to figure more importantly than Gogol's in the movement which led to the emancipation. The first part of "Dead Souls" appeared in 1842, and the second part, still incomplete, was published only after Gogol's death ten years later. At the time when the first part of the novel was presented to the public, the reaction which followed the Decembrist revolt and the Polish rebellion was still in crescendo. The Tsar of all the Russias was that first Nicholas who referred to the University of Moscow as "the wolf's den," and wrote on the margin of a public document: "Progress? What progress? The word must be deleted from official terminology."

But whether Nicholas liked it or not, there presently began to appear certain signs of progress, or at any rate, of change. A great many landowners were coming to believe that the emancipation of the serfs would be profitable to them, if only they could keep control of the lands which the bondsmen had occupied and cultivated; and at the same time, the factory-owners were beginning to liberate their bonded workers in order that they might re-hire them as "free labourers," on terms more advantageous (to the employer) than those of serfdom. Along with this sentiment in favour of the abolition of serfdom as a means of furthering economic enslavement, there was developing also a disposition (in some cases entirely disinterested) to regard the serf as a human being who ought to be free (at least in the legal sense); and besides all this, the serfs themselves were beginning once more to exhibit such signs of restlessness that the new Tsar Alexander said, in 1856, "It is better to begin the abolition of serfdom from above, than to wait till it begins to abolish itself from below."

Whether or not these several influences produced anything that could properly be called an emancipation, it is not our purpose to inquire here. We wish simply to call attention to the fact that the "Sportsman's Sketches" appeared in 1852, at a time when any good book that dealt with the life of the serfs would naturally have been caught up by the emancipation-movement, and permanently identified with it. But even if the volumes had been published in reverse order—Turgenev's in 1842, and Gogol's in 1852—Turgenev's manner of approach to peasant-life would have operated to give his book a great vogue at the



era of the emancipation, and to associate it intimately with the most important events of the time. The contrast to which we refer consists simply in this: that Turgenev gives all the attributes of personality to his peasants, as well as to his landlords, while with Gogol, the peasants are treated in the mass, and the landlords alone are completely individualized. The difference will be obvious to anyone who reads the books, but two short extracts will suffice to make it clear enough. The first is fairly typical of Gogol's treatment of the peasants:

On the return journey, the prospect was the same as before. Everywhere the same slovenliness, the same disorder, was displaying itself unadorned: the only difference being that a fresh puddle had formed in the middle of the village street. This want and neglect was noticeable in the peasants' quarters equally with the quarters of the *barin*. In the village a furious woman in greasy sackcloth was beating a poor young wench within an ace of her life, and at the same time devoting some third person to the care of all the devils of hell; farther away a couple of peasants were stoically contemplating the virago—one scratching his rump as he did so, and the other one yawning. The same yawn was discernible in the buildings, for not a roof was there but had a gaping hole in it. As he gazed at the scene Platon himself yawned. Patch was superimposed upon patch, and in place of a roof one hut had a piece of wooden fencing, while its crumbling window-frames were stayed with sticks purloined from the *barin's* barn. Evidently the system of upkeep in vogue was the system employed in the case of Trishkin's coat—the system of cutting up the cuffs and the collar into mendings for the elbows.

The following is one of Turgenev's finest characterizations:

Sutchok remained standing in the same place, his head bent and his hands clasped behind his back, according to the old habit of house-serfs.

'Tell me, please,' I began, 'have you been the fisherman here long?'

'It is seven years now,' he replied, rousing himself with a start.

'And what was your occupation before?'

'I was coachman before.'

'Who dismissed you from being coachman?'

'The new mistress.'

'What mistress?'

'Oh, that bought us. Your honour does not know her; Alyona Timofyevna; she is so fat. . . . not young.'

And so on, through several accounts of changes of ownership and occupation; and then this:

'At first, to be sure, I was cook, and then I was coffee-bearer.'

'What were you?'

'Coffee-bearer.'

'What sort of duty is that?'

'I don't know, your honour. I stood at the sideboard, and was called Anton instead of Kuzma. The mistress ordered that I should be called so.'

'Your real name, then, is Kuzma?'

'Yes.'

'And were you coffee-bearer all the time?'

'No, not all the time; I was an actor too.'

'Really?'

'Yes, I was. . . . I played in the theatre. Our mistress set up a theatre of her own.'

'What kind of parts did you take?'

'What did you please to say?'

'What did you do in the theatre?'

'Don't you know? Why, they take me and dress me up; and I walk about dressed up, or stand or sit down there as it happens, and they say, "See, this is what you must say," and I say it. Once I represented a blind man. . . . They laid little peas under each eyelid. . . . Yes, indeed.'

'And what were you afterwards?'

'Afterwards I became a cook again.'

These passages are fairly representative, but it must not be understood that they indicate the absence in the one case of an ability which is present in the other. Gogol's major characters are quite as clearly drawn as any of Turgenev's, but since none of them happened to be chosen from the peasantry, Gogol's book was not so well fitted as was Turgenev's to fall in with and promote the humanitarian phase of the emancipation-movement, and thus to acquire great fame as the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Russia. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the factor of immediate contemporaneity in spirit and in date of publication could not possibly have been disregarded; but there is certainly no good reason why our own judgment of the value of the two books, whether as history or as literature, should be influenced by the opinion of the men who felt the immediate pressure of events, in the 'fifties and the 'sixties.

## MISCELLANY.

HAS anyone, I wonder, ever undertaken to run down the origin of the New York dialect? To me it is a baffling phenomenon. I can not for the life of me guess by what strange law of phonetics natural has become "nat-u-ral," bottle has become "bot-el," coined has become "kerned," and girl, "goil." The letter "t" is swallowed, and the "g" is never clearly pronounced if it can possibly be slurred over. Nor can I understand how so very large a percentage of the urban population have managed to forget that they have any other organs of speech than the vocal chords and the lips. The resonance-cavities of the head are allowed to fall into complete disuse; the throat is kept tightly closed; and the rigidity of the other vocal organs is offset by an exaggerated use of the lips in enunciation. The strangeness of this articulation is equalled only by the diction that accompanies it: "I didn't ought to have went on account of I was very tired." Where did it originate, I wonder? It seems to me that it might repay investigation by experts in phonetics.

To a person who loves the English language, "the language of Shakespeare and the Bible," such corruptions in pronunciation and use are painful. The pronunciation and use of the language naturally varies greatly in a country the size of this one. I have lived in the South a good deal; and I will confess that attractive as the Southern accent is, in general (it varies considerably, of course), I have found it in the end rather wearisome. One grows tired of the continuous drawl, and longs to hear clear, incisive English once again. The Western voice is strident; the "r's" are too broad and the "a's" too flat. But the *diction* of the average Westerner or Southerner is far and away better than that of the average New Yorker; and his pronunciation is on the whole greatly to be preferred to the flat, nasal sounds which serve for speech so generally among the dwellers of Manhattan.

It is surprising to me to see how many reviewers of plays are giving serious consideration to the work of the Ethiopian Art Theatre. I will confess I saw this organization only once, in "Salomé"; but it seemed to me that their work, sincere though it undeniably was, did not merit serious criticism. It was the acting of good amateurs; and that is about the best that can be said of it. Miss Preer, it is true, showed considerable ability in the little curtain-raiser, "The Chip Woman's Fortune"; but her subsequent performance of Salomé was not such as to justify the credit for versatility that some of the critics have given her. She showed herself an excellent come-



dian, but in the subtle and extremely difficult rôle of Salomé she failed completely. Moreover, she could not dance; and the dance in "Salomé" is far too important to be undertaken by anyone who can not perform it at least passably well. The voices of these players are uniformly good; but one wishes they might be persuaded to improve their pronunciation of the letter "r" which they all pronounce too broadly.

"SALOMÉ" is far too difficult a play to be undertaken by any but the most expert actors. It is florid and artificial, and its movement is dangerously slow. Its atmosphere is languorous and exotic. It has beauty, but its beauty is weird and unhealthy, like that of a lovely and poisonous plant. I am not sure that it should ever be given save as an opera; the music of Strauss not only epitomizes the mood of the piece, but sustains the action and saves it from becoming monotonous. If "Salomé" is to be given as a play at all, then perhaps it should be played in an extremely stylized manner, with a careful avoidance of all attempt at realism. But highly stylized acting, like highly stylized sculpture, is possible only to those artists who have mastered all the elements of their art. A great stylized art must come after realism, not before it. Anyone who has seen the exquisite, stylized performance of Mme. Chekhova in "Tsar Fyodor" will agree with me, I think, that she could not possibly act that part as she does if she were not first able to act "The Lady of the Provinces," or Liuboff Alexandrievna in "The Cherry Orchard."

JOURNEYMAN.

## POETRY.

### THE CRACKED BELL.

Bitter it is, yet sweet, in winter night,  
Close by the flickering, smouldering fire, to list,  
While distant memories rise in vague, slow flight,  
To sound of chimes faint ringing through the mist.

Happy the bell which, in its lusty throat,  
In spite of age alert, strong and unspent,  
Cries faithfully its deep, religious note,  
Like an old warrior watching in his tent.

But o! my soul is cracked, and when it fain  
Would fill the cold night with its wearied singing,  
Too oft its voice grows weak and fails in pain.

Like the choked moan when, from a heap of dead  
By lake of blood, his life in anguish winging,  
One wounded and forgotten lifts his head.

### THE FORMER LIFE.

Long since, I dwelt beneath vast porticoes  
Where shone with myriad fires the sea-touched sun;  
Where at the eve, like caverns basalt-run,  
Gleamed mighty pillars in majestic rows.

The rolling waves that mirrored back the skies  
Mingled in solemn, mystic way their rich,  
Sweet music with the glowing colours which  
The setting sun reflected to my eyes.

There have I dwelt amid delicious calms,  
'Mid splendours, with the azure skies, the waves,  
The lord of many perfumed, naked slaves,

Who soothed my brow with slowly-swaying palms,  
Their only care to search the secret grief  
Which left me languishing beyond relief.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

(Translated by William A. Drake.)

## THE POETRY OF PADRAIC COLUM.

It has been given to few writers of verse to express the mood of the land of their birth with an accent as autochthonous as that of Mr. Padraic Colum. It is not for nothing that this shy and delicate poet derives his family name from the most Irish of Irish saints and singers who himself most wonderfully, more than a thousand years ago, struck the very same note that delights us to-day in Mr. Colum's poetry. For as the holy Columcille looked back from his small craft of skins and branches at the green fields of Ireland growing more and more indistinct behind him, it is said that the sound of his singing was heard far and wide over the cold, drab-coloured waves of the northern sea:

How swift is the speed of my coracle;  
Its stem towards Derry.  
I grieve at my errand o'er the noble sea  
Travelling to Alba of the Ravens.  
A grey eye looks back to Erin  
A grey eye full of tears.

It is just this same quality, so heightened, so imaginative and yet so convincingly realistic "with its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic," that we find in Padraic Colum's verse. For all the bewildering effrontery displayed by certain Celtic adventurers in the realm of Saxon literature, for all the dash and intellectual brilliance, for instance, of men like Burke, Sheridan, Moore, Wilde, and Shaw, it is not to them that we look for the true articulate expression of the sad soul of Ireland. We must turn to the ancient Catholic singers, to the country ballad-makers, to the vague, wistful, half-expressed romanticism of poets like Francis Mahony, James Clarence Mangan, W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge and Padraic Colum, if we are to catch the wild, doleful music which the wandering west winds of the Atlantic awaken in the whin bushes and lone moorland trees of the dedicated and tragic Island.

Mr. Colum was born and brought up in one of the middle counties, and his spirit has been permeated with the very thrill of this articulation. His imagination is the imagination of the incorrigible and wilful people who have retained throughout history so strange an attitude of indifference to the bleak illusions which occupy, in so rigid a manner, the attention and interests of the rest of the world.

From the earliest times, the Irish have been irresistibly attracted by those half-uttered secrets of the earth's margins which a chance phrase or unexpected word in Celtic literature seems often so nearly to reveal. Above everything these "amorous Gaedhils" are impressionable to what *can not be spoken*; to the inconstant, tremulous, spiritual messages that come to us with retrospection; to the indefinable, provocative calls, sad voices from lost worlds, as it were, that are brought to us each year with the passing of the seasons; to the incoherent evocations that emanate from certain localities or objects whose forlorn identity when once observed can never be forgotten.

It is indeed fitting enough that Padraic Colum should have called the one slim, precious volume he has given us "Wild Earth."<sup>1</sup> No more adequate title could possibly have been selected. Wild Earth!—in these poems one finds the dew of a thousand early mornings, drawn forth by the yellow sun from our wanton planet which after a million dancing æons remains to this day proud, and hard, and "wild," and never entirely "broken for corn."

<sup>1</sup> Since this appreciation was written a second volume entitled "Dramatic Legends and Other Poems," has been published by the Macmillan Company. Reference to several of these poems which have already appeared in magazines is made, however, in this essay.



Everything Mr. Colum writes has its peculiar interest. In a single illuminating sentence he has done much to elucidate the mysterious power of the most perplexing work of genius that has appeared in modern times. Of "Ulysses" he says: "James Joyce does not write savagely, he writes satanically, and his satire touches not individuals and institutions but life itself." Again and again in Padraic Colum's plays one comes upon passages which bear the stamp of his sensitive and fastidious genius. Take this quotation:

The people have to watch  
The black rain and it falling all the day.

And again,

God's will is set  
Against us all; it is against  
The cattle in the field, and it was they  
Stood by his crib; they're moaning always now  
He has forgotten them.

In the mere use of the simple words "black rain," what a fresh, unsophisticated approach to the manifestations of the visible world is revealed; and in the second quotation what a winnowed, sensitive delicacy, so Celtic, so Catholic, is suggested by the "long long thoughts" which could conceive of a deity being laid under some kind of magnanimous obligation to the beasts of the field for no other reason, forsooth, than that they had been the mute spectators of the birth of a god! It is, indeed, this "fresh approach" which gives to Mr. Colum's books written for children the clear, lucid tone which makes each of them, in its way, a perfect work of art. They seem always to be the narrations of one who has experienced something or seen something for the first time. In truth, to the eye of a poet, what matter that a thousand ages have passed since the world's crust first cooled? Are not men, birds, animals, and flowers, created every hour, incredible and exultant, from the mysterious, fecund breathing of the nostrils of God?

How evasively and unpretentiously Padraic Colum conveys to us the poetry of life; lines, and even single words of his, brushing against our intelligence with the surprise and softness of a linnet's wings. What a rich harvest of impressions his poet's nature must have gathered in those days of his youth—the homely, simple look of white geese against a peat stack, the cottage interior with its shrine and corn bin, the "lonesome hush" of a deserted country road, "the fire-seed sleeping deep in white ashes"!

But valuable though his other contributions to literature are, it is to his poetry that one returns, time and again, when one wishes for the particular refreshment that in certain moods he alone can give us. Has he, one wonders, in his poem entitled "The Poet" presented us with a valuable clue by which to explain his power?

'The blackbird's nest, in the briar,  
The sea-gulls' nests on the ground  
They are nests, and they're more than nests' he said  
'They are tokens I have found.'

'But close to the ground are they reared  
The wings that take widest way,  
And the birds that sing best in the wood,' he said,  
'Are bred with their breasts to the clay.'

The poems of "Wild Earth" do in very fact remind one of the direct appeal of the familiar European blackbird with its liquid, flute-like song; but they also have in them something else, something unutterable, unaccountable, melancholy, which one might well associate with a different bird. Continually, as we read, we are startled by a note plaintive and intractable as the

whistle of a curlew coming to us on the wind, in fitful intervals, from some far-off, desolate moorland.

The crows still fly to that wood, and out of the wood she comes  
Carrying her load of sticks, a little less now than before,  
Her strength being less; she bends as the hoar rush bends in the wind.

And then, between daybreak and dark,  
And between the hill and the sea,  
Three Women, come down from the Mountain,  
Will raise the Keen over me.

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,  
And tired I am of bog and road,  
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

Hidden away in many of his poems side by side with this haunting feeling of bane, one comes upon an extraordinary suggestion of those unexplained emotions which for want of a better word we call romantic. Perhaps what I mean will also best be illustrated by quoting from certain poems.

To Meath of the pastures,  
From wet hills by the sea,  
Through Leitrim and Longford,  
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness  
Their slipping and breathing—  
I name them the bye-ways  
They're to pass without heeding;

Then the wet, winding roads,  
Brown bogs with black water;  
And my thoughts on white ships  
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

We hear it again in

Mavourneen is going  
From me and from you,  
Where Mary will fold him  
With mantle of blue!

From reek of the smoke  
And cold of the floor,  
And the peering of things  
Across the half-door.

Or in,

She'll hear my boat on the shingles,  
And she'll hear my step on the land,  
And the corncrake hid in the meadow  
Will tell her I'm at hand!

But it may very well be that in its ultimate essence what constitutes the chief value of Padraic Colum's work is the faculty he possesses for calling up before our eyes the peculiar characteristics of the native Irish, characteristics so simple and yet so imaginative, lingering on even yet, in the more out of the way districts of their country-side. In his writings we hear once more the exact intonation of the fiddlers and the wavering voices of the harp-players who for generations have gone wailing through each white-washed hovel, and whose wandering footprints have been mingled for centuries with the webbed indentures of ganders and ducks which mark each muddy bohereen. Again and yet again we catch the echoes of their doleful exclamations, Och! Ochone! or hear the reiterate murmur of their ranns and quaint benedictions.

I save the seed of fire to-night,  
Even so may Christ save me,

On the top of the house let Mary  
In the middle let Bridget be.



These are the people whose hearts for so many centuries have been entravelled with a perilous love for their dark Rosaleen with "her holy delicate white hands."

The priests are on the ocean green  
They march along the deep.  
There's wine from the royal Pope,  
Upon the ocean green;

These are the people who "went forth to war, but always fell" and who to this day cherish deep in their hearts a proud contempt for the "creeping Saxon."

Not forgetting Saxon faith  
Not forgetting Norman scath  
Not forgetting William's word  
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword

From Cruckmoylinn to Carricknabauna, from Glen Nefin to Leitrim, they have eaten "the scrape of hog's lard" and looked upon the three most desolate things in the world, and yet have retained throughout the worst period of their agony a "deep affection and recollection" for the tragic soul of their country whose memory in retrospect ever haunts their minds.

In the old, old days, upon Innish,  
The fields were lucky and bright,

But possibly in one single poem of three verses Padraic Colum has succeeded more than in any other in giving perfect expression to his feeling not only for the romance and beauty that he finds in innocent, homely things but also for the silent glamour of nature in her most entranced and lambent moods. His poem called "Across the Door" is unsurpassed both in form and imaginative suggestiveness. These lines have upon them the simplicity and inevitability which belong only to great poetry.

With what ease our imagination re-creates the poem's setting—the close interior with the candle-light making flickering patterns on the smoke-stained rafters, the quick elbow-movements of the fiddlers, and the young, eager girl who, transported by the music and dance, so soon feels on the moonlit threshold with "the dim, wide meadows" about her, a conscious, bewildered awakening to that wild mystery before which all creation trembles and faints. If Mr. Colum had written no other line of poetry except this piece, in my opinion, it would have ensured for him an undisputed place among the immortals:

The fiddles were playing and playing,  
The couples were out on the floor;  
From converse and dancing he drew me,  
And across the door.

Ah! strange were the dim, wide meadows,  
And strange was the cloud-strewn sky,  
And strange in the meadows the corncrakes,  
And they making cry!

The hawthorn bloom was by us,  
Around us the breath of the south.  
*White hawthorn, strange in the night-time—  
His kiss on my mouth!*

LEWELYN POWYS.

#### RARER SONGS OF THE GODS.

THERE is a detachment to be found in the gay and care-free rivalry of those kings of wayfarers who lived in an age far removed from our morose scepticism; those musicians who traded their wares for bowls of gold, or for fine tapestry, or even for a warm lounging-place by a castle-hearth where they might listen leisurely to the genial banter. Tramps, they were called scornfully in

Germany; in Italy they were known as showmen, who often enlivened the odd assortment of their lays by the antics of their dancing bears, or enlarged their slender means of livelihood by the vending of molasses. They were casually classed as minstrels in England, and as jongleurs in France. No country escaped their whimsical badinage. By none were they granted legal protection; it is doubtful that they desired it. In their wanderings from castle to village, they pleased the country folk with dances when songs of love or war failed to gain them entrance at the drawbridge. They knew a life of infinite diversity and had no care for the morrow, as their ceaseless ingenuity would procure them a meal in one way, if not in another. What more could they require?

The art of the jongleurs was an art of the aristocracy, as well as of the people. They were lovers of melody, and strove to please all manner of men. From a rhythmic *ritournelle*, set for rustic merriment and festivity, they could turn quickly to the most conventionally plaintive love-song. The true mediæval formality was in the latter, the cult of the lover and the lady—who must never be named. The lover was calculating, not passionate; discreet, not bold; patient, with the resignation of a saint; worthy of the lady, who herself was always the embodiment of dignity, calm nobility and rare splendour. Such courtly song was a mental exercise, worthy of a twentieth-century psycho-analyst in its subtlety, complexity and wearying tentativeness.

Far more to the mood of the jongleur was the trenchant satire for which he found opportunity in the song improvised for the moment. One can imagine the hidden merriment of the singer when the lord of the castle, wearied by the sly witticisms and fearful for his dignity, rewarded the man with the expected feast, in despair of silence. The singer of such a song was not always without a purpose, however; for a wandering musician might serve ideally as an agent for merchants, or even as an informal diplomat for a petty prince or plotting churchly intriguer.

The tenson with its jolly testing of the wits brought still greater abandon; or the merry *estampies*, challenging the Provençal dancer. There was no limit to the number of accomplishments in those days of non-specialization, when versatility was desired rather than concentrated effort. "I can play," says Robert le Mains, "the lute, vielle, pipe, bagpipe, syrinx, harp, and many other instruments. I can sing a song well, and make tales and fables. I can tell a story against any man. I can make love-verses to please young ladies. . . . Then I can throw knives into the air, and catch them again without cutting my fingers. . . . I can balance chairs. I can throw a somersault, and walk on my head." Who among us would dare to claim such proficiency; would proclaim his wares with such solemnity; would play the fool with such grace!

It was well that these lovers of the "gay science" could play and sing, and could, on occasion, improvise. For the most part, however, they were forbidden entrance to those paths of musical speculation where melodies were curved to suit the fancy. This pastime was the delight of their masters, the troubadours; they it was who sang of knightly love, of the transient beauties of spring, of the joy of hopeless adoration. There is a certain distinctive quality in this Provençal music, a romantic element that is kept comparatively pure. The writers were not mercenary; they had the rare genius of loving the art for itself, slight as it might be. In their music is found a love of adventure, a cheerfulness and placidity of outlook that is partially imitative of the peasant, yet truly individual.

It was the manuscripts of these troubadours—manuscripts brilliantly ornamented and copied with meticulous



care—that were placed in the wallets of the musical vagabonds. Girded with these, and with the *vielle* or “guitar-fiddle” as a boon-companion, the *jongleur* was fully armed to attract the favour of the lady chosen by his liege. Strange pictures of these wanderers are found, now on some enamelled dish treasured at Soissons, now in the maze of sculpture of the Amiens cathedral; or perhaps they are discovered by the curious eye of some pedantic student of time-worn Latin Psalters. Their instruments bear a quaint resemblance to our violin. The earlier ones were oval-shaped, yet had even then the five strings. In some, the vibration caused that curious drone which we connect with bagpipes.

The troubadour of noble birth himself often led the way to the castle moat of his lady, in order that he might choose more skilfully the love song or canzonet which would be pleasing, or the evening serenade that might most suitably express the desired emotion. In “Romeo and Juliet” there is a suggestion, in mood at least, of the mediæval *chanson d’aube*, or song of dawn:

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale; look, Love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;  
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

There are quaint names in the lists of these pioneers: Guilhelm IX, seventh count of Poitiers and ninth Duke of Aquitaine, a lordly experimenter of the eleventh century; Bernard de Ventadorn, of lowly birth—his mother superintended the bake-oven at the castle—who was, however, according to contemporary accounts, “a fine, clever man and knew well how to sing and compose, and was courtly and learned.” In the same records, we learn of Peire Vidal, who fell in love with every woman he met: “He sang better than anyone else in the world, and was a great troubadour.” Gaucelon Faidit was the son of a burgher of the twelfth century, and apparently excelled all of his contemporaries in singing. “He composed many good tunes and ballads; he turned *jongleur* because he had lost all his property at dice. His love of good living made him enormously fat.” Guiraut de Borneil was accustomed to spend the winters in study at some school of minstrelsy, that he might perfect himself in the science of music, and prepare for his summer journeys from castle to castle, accompanied by his *jongleurs*.

Among the *trouvères*, writers north of the Loire, are the names of Chrétien de Troyes, Gautier d’Épinal, and Châtelain de Coucy, with many more in surprising array. The interest here seems more sharply divided between art and the desire for power. As politician, diplomat and soldier, Canon de Béthune of the twelfth century showed extraordinary versatility. As a member of the third crusade, he was the statesman for the little army. Two of his ballads written on the eve of departure for the Holy Land, express a true understanding of the hearts as well as the minds of men in time of crisis. Far more superficial is Thibaut, count of Champagne and eventually king of Navarre in the thirteenth century. His life is a series of tales of intrigue with or against Louis VIII, and his vacillating policy caused him to be suspected by both princes and feudal lords. In 1239, he considered the salvation of his soul, and organized a new crusade which was as brief as it was futile. The songs he left are more worthy of admiration than the man who wrote them. It is fortunate that he saw fit to spend considerable wealth upon the careful copying and preservation of his own manuscripts and those of his contemporaries. A singer of gentler humour and more simple grace is Adam de la Hâle, a thirteenth-century musician of considerable skill. There is charm in his lyrics:

Robin loves me, loves but me!  
Robin hastens now to wed me  
If he may!  
Robin will buy me silken dresses,  
Ribbons gay to bind my tresses,  
Cloak of red and girdle golden,  
If he may!  
Robin loves me, loves but me!  
Robins hastens now to wed me,  
If he may!

In these days of overcrowded hours that doubtless weigh as heavily as did the monotonous round of feudal existence, it is refreshing to catch glimpses of such spontaneity, such formality borne with a nonchalant mockery, such genuine individualism as one finds in these rarer songs of the gods.

EVELYN BENHAM.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

### THE MAN WITH THE SHOVEL.

SIRS: Menin is a tiny town in Belgium. The hand of industry has been set heavily upon it, and except that it happens to be the beginning of a certain journey, one would scarcely select it as worthy of even a glance. It lies just beyond Courtrai on the main line from Brussels, and if one should come to Menin by that route it is there one will see the first traces of the war. It is no simple, matter-of-fact experience, this first revisiting of places where destruction overflowed like a vast and terrible conflagration which consumed even the minds and souls of those who were thousands of miles removed from the scene. Even though grimy little Menin has been much repaired, and a great many of its factory-workers removed to a new suburb bright with red roofs, green with gardens, and gay with the blue of doors and windows, the first sight of a house into which a shell of war once burst is not without its thrill of horror.

As one threads one’s way across the still unfinished road that will soon connect the old Menin with the new, it is pleasant to see groups of workmen putting the finishing touches to roads and curbs and gutters; but it is even more pleasant to see the women and children who have been brought out of squalid streets and alleys to sunlight, air, spaces for play, and a square or two with benches where one may gossip of an evening, under the sky. Best of all, each trim little garden plot bears evidence of great care, and one can imagine the eagerness with which the gardeners compare notes. No more than the force of example very wisely and quietly set before them was necessary to restore these brick-and-mortar bred souls to contact with the earth. If war can possibly have its compensations, then one might well plead that this new town is one of them.

Crossing the new bridge at the entrance to this pleasant place, one bears westward and is almost immediately on the *grande route*. It can hardly be called a road; it might better be termed a way, and yet it is all that is left of the once broad highway to Ypres. What a picture comes to the mind as the signboard tells its tale! Every once familiar sign is gone; the road that one once knew is as unrecognizable as an overgrown trail in the tropical jungle. What scenes have taken place along this ruined roadway! Millions of comings and goings, of high-spirited advances, of sullen retreats, have made their way through the seas of mud or the thick pall of dust. What projects, what hatreds, what desperations, what sorrows and sufferings, have left their imperceptible traces on this, the now broken matrix into which the whole world poured the hot madness of its folly!

The great road to Ypres is now an undulating surface



of waves of hard clay over which our driver takes his way with prudence. Suddenly one becomes conscious of the fact that there are no trees in this land. One knew it; one had read of it over and over again; and yet the fact suddenly strikes the consciousness with all the force of something new. Stark skeletons of trees, wan and desolate, black and broken, dot the roadside and the fields, staring, it seems, as though with eyes from which all meaning has departed. But the fields are smooth and green, or freshly upturned and waiting for the sower, and the whole stretch within view is dotted with farm-houses and outbuildings. Were it not that the roofs are redder than of yore and the bits of planting of shrub and vine so evidently young, one might well protest that no war had ever descended upon this land. Only at intervals do the rusting heaps of wire remind one of the time when this was the veriest hell. True, on nearing Ypres, one passes the remains of the Lines. Here are great sections of concrete bastions and emplacements and shelters; yet right up to their very walls now shoot forth the green tips of wheat and rye and barley. Behind this smooth, bright green the grey piles of masonry seem to shrink back as though in shame for the fever out of which they were born—the mad fever that ended in nothing at all.

At the end of November, 1918, this whole country-side was a mass of ruin, chaos, and desolation. There was scarcely a square yard of earth upon which a shell had not burst. Over this havoc the litter and debris of the enginery of war was strewn about as though all the iron and steel from all the mills of the world had been lifted above, blown into fragments, and hurled upon what was once the happiest country-side on earth, even as little Ypres was the city that seemed most charming.

To this scene of devastation came the technicians, the scientists, the agricultural experts, the foresters, the bankers, the statesmen, the politicians. Weeks passed in council and conference and consultation. Then the collective judgment of this carefully selected group was solemnly pronounced: devastated Flanders was beyond hope of redemption. Never again could it become the land of the plough and the harrow, the crop and the flock. The technicians could not imagine any kind of machine that would be capable of filling up the tens of millions of shell-holes. Even if they could, the bankers shook their heads in despair at the thought of what the machines would cost, and of what the running of them would cost, and of what the time would cost. The agricultural experts could not suggest any way by which further fertility could be wrested from this waste of wastes. The statesmen and diplomats and politicians probably performed their eternal function of appearing to know something about something; and as a result it was solemnly agreed and given forth that nothing remained for devastated Flanders except afforestation. It must all, they said, be converted into a great forest which in time would pay a profit, which would give employment to a certain number of people; and as for the rest of the one-time inhabitants of the area, they would have to be transported to new pastures. Brains and learning and wisdom had looked, and peered, and pried—and spoken.

Then came man and his shovel. With no word of complaint, with no scientific suggestion or device, with no political shuffling of the dirty old cards, with no mournful pleading for aid, with no saintly protestations to heaven, the men and the women and the children took their shovels in their hands, and went down into this waste, hour by hour, day by day, week by week. The shells, in bursting, had bored clear through the arable soil and down into the subsoil, so that the whole was confusion thoroughly and completely confounded. Thus it was not only necessary to fill the shell-holes, but the subsoil had to be sorted out

and put at the bottom; and the arable soil had to be sorted out and used to make the field. The old arable soil was no more than fifteen inches deep, and the wise peasant knew what had to be done. Thus, knowing his land and the irresistible might of his arm and his shovel and his earth-trained eye, and knowing these things humbly and without pride and without even the outward consciousness that he knew them, he plodded on until the job was done. To-day the fields of Flanders are green. Save for occasional unreclaimed bits, and the heaps of wire and the grey concrete masses which are too difficult to demolish, and the cemetery of tanks just over the ridge by Ypres, and the redness of the new roofs and the youth of the new gardens, who would know that for five years and but five years ago, man had loosed a stream of hell over these places?

The cemetery of tanks! What a marvellous heroism they tell! These ungainly hulks now lie sprawling where the guns stopped them and where their inmates died—men of flesh and blood, loving life as men do, knowing they were to die when they entered them, and asking nothing better! To what heights the soul of man can rise under the influence of an emotional-belief in the right of things! Now the shovellers have covered it all up, all save the too difficult things. These are left for the patient assaults of rust and decay. The man, with his arm and his shovel, with his earth-trained eye, with his plough and his harrow and his seed, has come back into his own. What the scientists could not suggest, what the engineers could not imagine, and what the bankers did not suppose that the money could be found for, has all been done by the plain man who knows the earth as his mother. If only the shovellers could deal so with the other wounds—those put upon us by Governments, statesmen, diplomats, politicians, financiers, captains of industry, and by ourselves as we turn helplessly from one of these to the other and forget the strength that is in us. I am, etc.,

Brussels.

CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER.

## MUSIC.

### NOTES ON MUSICAL CRITICISM.

MUSIC, it has been said, is, like all art, a language of the emotions, its function being to express what is inexpressible in spoken language. To receive this emotional message, it has been held, emotional sensitivity is necessary and sufficient; while technical knowledge, since it introduces an intellectual attitude which interferes with emotional sensitivity, is an obstacle.

This position is untenable in every respect. Emotions are not inexpressible in spoken language, while music, on the other hand, for the most part expresses only itself. That is, a phrase of music may be described as a series of progressions, from tone to tone and from chord to chord; and to the satisfaction which the ear experiences from these progressions we give the name musical significance. This has nothing to do with emotional significance and is not apprehended through the emotions. The same may be said of the values which the executive artist contributes through performance: his changes in dynamics and tempo are musically, not emotionally significant, and are not apprehended through the emotions. Nor is form, the pattern into which the progressions are woven, so apprehended; nor even the emotion which the music expresses. For though by its tempo, by its timbre, or even by its progressions, music may suggest an emotion—a mood, e. g., of gaiety or sadness—this, however, is merely apprehended, not necessarily felt by either the composer or



the listener. Thus neither Strauss nor his listeners need share the mood of the finale to "Salomé."

The emotion which may stimulate a composer to compose is one thing; that which he may decide to express in his music is another; while his actual emotional excitement is in large measure a result of the intellectual process of selecting, rejecting and shaping the tonal material which occurs to him. On the other hand, the listener's satisfaction with the progressions, his apprehension of the form, and his appreciation of the mood if there is one, act as emotional stimuli upon him;<sup>1</sup> but the emotion resulting from any or all of these may, by its very nature, differ from that of the music, the composer or any other listener.<sup>2</sup>

An emotional response is the product of two factors: the external stimulus and the internal emotional predisposition or trend. In the case of music the stimulus may be considered a constant, and so the product is a function of the second factor; that is, an emotional reaction to music depends not upon the music but upon the emotional predisposition of the listener. Since this is a variable, the product is also a variable; that is, the emotional reaction to music varies with each listener, and may therefore be anything, from the emotion which the composer felt to its direct opposite, including zero. Each of these emotional states is as valid as any other, but its validity is purely personal; it is true for one listener but not necessarily for any other. Though one feel dull another may feel moved and a third hilarious, while the music itself may be neither dull nor moving nor hilarious. Emotional predispositions, otherwise known as emotional sensitiveness, are therefore not only unnecessary for the apprehension of the actual mood of a piece of music, but responsible for the variety of moods which apprehension inspires in different listeners.

This assumes, moreover, that the music is actually heard; in fact, however, emotional predispositions lead the listener astray by diminishing the accuracy of his sensory impressions. Music being evanescent, even with all his faculties on the alert he may err concerning what he has heard; but in an emotional state his critical faculties are necessarily suspended; and with them all guarantees that the notes played are heard, the notes heard played, or that anything is what it seems to be. The result may be a genuine case of creative criticism, which, instead of re-creating the mood of the composer, a highly doubtful matter, is more apt to produce an impression of a composition that does not exist. This again is perfectly valid, but it should at least be recognized as a fact, as it is not by fervent democrats when they point to the increase in audiences as an indication of an increase in popular appreciation of music. Although most of the people that crowd the galleries of Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House undoubtedly enjoy themselves, it is not at all certain that they enjoy the music, or even that they hear it.

If the listener's hearing is affected by faulty senses, emotional disturbances and other sources of error, his apprehension of what he hears is limited by aural habit

and sophistication. For while his ear is not prevented by its own structure from accepting any progression of tones or chords, it is prevented by habit. That is, the tone or chord which, following another, is musically significant to him is one of the limited number which he has become accustomed to hear follow it; others are unsatisfactory, hence unintelligible. Moreover, a chord-progression is usually unintelligible to a listener because its constituent chords are remotely related, that is, because it skips several intermediate progressions which are familiar to him. If, therefore, his ear learns to accept the more involved progression, to skip the intermediate chords, he is more sophisticated than he was; and his aural habits may therefore be said to represent the degree of his sophistication. Included in this also is his capacity to apprehend musical form, which depends largely upon the extent of his technical training. Since differences in music are precisely differences in progressions and in form, the degree of the listener's sophistication determines which music shall be intelligible to him and which not.

The difference between a composition of Brahms and an aria of Verdi, for example, is in part a difference in the complexity of their form, in part a difference in the complexity of their progressions of tones and chords, each requiring a difference in sophistication in the listener. If this requirement is met, the effect of each is the same; that is, the significance which one listener finds in "Rigoletto" is not different in kind, quantity or legitimacy from that which a more sophisticated listener finds in a Brahms variation. It is only when the requirement is not met that trouble begins, for the lover of Verdi is bored to extinction by Brahms, and the lover of Brahms is exasperated to tears by Verdi, while Schönberg in turn is unintelligible to both, for reasons at once similar and different.

Aural habits formulated in rules of tone-association group themselves in systems which differ throughout the world. Each system resembles a grammar in that it determines how tones shall be combined or follow each other in order to possess purely musical significance. Just as habit interferes with apprehension within a system, so it interferes with apprehension outside the system; hence, each of the innumerable systems scattered over the globe, though perfectly consistent internally, is musically unintelligible to any but those whose ears are accustomed to it.

How different Schönberg's progressions are is not yet clear. They may be extensions in the line of development of Verdi and Brahms, or they may constitute a system as different from the Euro-American as that of any Indian tribe, and therefore as unintelligible. Schönberg's music will become intelligible in the one case as we become more sophisticated and learn to bridge the gaps in his progressions, in the other case as we acquire a new musical grammar.

All of this is exceedingly important in its relation to criticism which undertakes to formulate judgments. For evaluation implies standards, and in music at least there do not seem to be any.

Shall we adopt musical significance as a standard, and thus get rid of Schönberg? That is as absurd as to condemn a piece of writing in an unfamiliar language on the ground that it conveys nothing of intellectual significance to our minds, for Schönberg is musically unintelligible to us only because we do not know his musical vocabulary and grammar. Nor is he in fact more unintelligible than Brahms is to the lover of Verdi. All music is at once intelligible and unintelligible; intelligible to the ear that is attuned to it, unintelligible to the ear that is not.

<sup>1</sup>The emotional effect of Brahms's music upon the listener may be overpowering, but his emotional states are caused by its extraordinary musical significance, the satisfactions which he derives from its progressions of tones and chords and its form. On the other hand, the economy in the means by which these musical results are achieved (e. g. the importance of even a sharp or a flat) not only justifies Brahms's insight into tones as possible elements of significant progressions being called the greatest in the history of music, but furnishes more than sufficient evidence of a predominantly intellectual attitude on his part.

<sup>2</sup>The intellectual content of programme-music is indissolubly connected with the programme-note, and it is the note which describes the music, not the music which expresses the content of the note. Thus a series of unexpected leaps may be described as queer or grotesque, or the timbre of a bassoon as absurd, or a series of steps upward, according to its tempo, as aspiring or questioning.



Shall we then make complexity the standard? That raises not only Brahms above Verdi, but Schönberg above Brahms. Or simplicity? Then not only is Brahms greater than Schönberg but Verdi is greater than Brahms. Or are we to say, To Brahms and no farther? We then involve ourselves in worse difficulties. For in art there is clearly no use in doing again what has already been done, yet that is all that our standard permits us to do. We claim for a purely empirical record of practice embodying successive changes an authority, an immunity against further change, which no empirical record is entitled to. The so-called rules of harmony and form have been abstracted from the works of composers who were so little conscious of them that they violated them as often as the occasion demanded. The significance of these violations is apparently not appreciated, for they are included in theoretic treatises as *permissible* violations.

We also claim for this empirical record an inherent superiority over all others which is difficult to prove, since all that we may reasonably demand of a musical system is that it be musically significant to those whose ears are attuned to it, and this is a quality possessed by every system. In fact, moreover, there are systems which exhibit greater rhythmic complexity or finer sensitiveness to gradations of pitch than our own.

Shall we then recognize the need for progress in art and permit reasonable innovation, as distinguished from mere extravagance used as a screen for sterility? Excellent, but this in fact retains Brahms as the standard of what is reasonable, and by this standard Schönberg is condemned in advance, so that we are blowing hot and cold, permitting progress and suppressing it at the same time. The criteria of a new art can not be found in the old art which it departs from; they are implicit in the new art itself. In other words, we must judge Schönberg's music by his own artistic purposes as formulated in its laws, or we must not judge it at all.<sup>1</sup> Nor may we condemn his purposes as mere extravagance and so on, for this raises questions of ability and motives which can not be satisfactorily settled.

To employ any of these criteria is therefore to involve oneself in serious difficulties, and that is exactly what critics do. Their purpose being to exalt Brahms at the expense of Schönberg or Verdi, they adopt simplicity when complexity becomes uncomfortable, return to complexity when simplicity becomes embarrassing, switch to significance when that is more convenient, drop progress when that becomes too hot for them, and end up with arguments *ad personam* when nothing else is left, e. g. dismissing Schönberg as a second rater, as Mr. Newman does. And lurking in the background all the while is the Puritan assumption that whatever is enjoyable is sinful, which adapted to music says that whatever is easily appreciated is in poor taste, so that when Tschaikowsky is played the prude must leave the hall.

It seems strange that despite all their talk of standards, critics' judgments should exhibit such variety and confusion. This is because their real standard is emotional effect, which, as we have seen, lands them in chaos. The truth seems to be that, like other mortals, they like what they like when they like it,

which means that they like different things at different times. And since they call what they like good, and what they do not like bad, good and bad are always changing. Hence, though they ignore the perishability of a judgment conditioned by faulty senses, disturbing emotional states and fluctuating aural habits, it returns to plague them nevertheless, so that a sonata which was dull at the last performance is brilliant at the next. This, to be sure, they attribute to the performance, but their judgments of performance are equally unstable. They may call their standards and judgments absolute if they so choose; in fact they change them with every hearing.

In the place of objective standards there are apparently only personal differences in emotional states and aural habits. We may find a consensus of judgments and emotional reactions useful for some purposes, but a count of noses would not be a satisfactory artistic criterion even if it were a legitimate one, and it is hardly legitimate. B. H. HAGGIN.

## THE DRAMA.

### REINHARD GOERING.

It is a curious fact that only among the defeated nations of Europe has the war had any appreciable effect on the art of the drama. During the war we were assured by those whose patriotism had left common sense and judgment far behind, that the sacred struggle would purge the world of its gross materialism, and give birth to new artists who would express the noble aspirations of a world made safe for democracy. It is now four and a half years since the armistice, and the new race is not yet knocking at the doors.

Strangely enough, there appears to be in Germany and Austria a very definite dramatic "movement," born of the war and expressing the aspirations of at least part of a nation. Novalis said that comedy was born among defeated nations, and the Austrian poet Hofmannsthal has recently developed the mystic's idea by showing that it is above all to the conquered that the irony of things is inevitably made manifest. The young Germans write few comedies in the narrow sense of the term, but Novalis was not thinking of that sort of comedy. Is it not true that all great drama, comedy and tragedy alike, is the expression of irony?

In the defeated countries there are, roughly speaking, two types of mind, the old and the new: the representatives of the old order—who seem to be in the majority—impervious to new ideas and responsibilities; and the Young Germans, in a small but influential minority, revolutionary in politics.

The young German dramatists, however, are not a school, nor are they united by a common philosophy; the movement of which they are a part is neither self-conscious nor definitely limited. The dramatists are individuals—living in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Prague, Vienna—all of whom have received inspiration from, or been deeply affected by, the great upheaval in very much the same way, and are now expressing themselves in terms of drama. They are at one only in their realization that an old epoch has come to an end and a new one begun. They are primarily dramatists, but there runs through all their work a philosophical undercurrent which may be characterized as sceptical. Yet the most pessimistic of them can see a ray of hope for the future.

Georg Kaiser has demonstrated the futility of our industrialized civilization; Ernst Toller has tempered

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ernest Newman, for example, remarks that ultra-modern composers are unable to make a large composition interesting because they have no command of form. By form, however, he means the form of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms and by interesting he means interesting to him. His criticism is therefore no criticism at all, since ultra-modern composers do not attempt to use the older forms, while he is not interested in their own forms, evaluating them by the old. He makes the mistake of assuming that when Casella speaks of a return to the classic spirit of Mozart he has decided to write Mozart's music a second time.



the philosophy of Kaiser with a stubborn faith in the organized working masses; Arnold Bronnen, the most ardent exponent of the new order, has exhibited the human animal in revolt against authority; Fritz von Unruh and Walter Hasenclever turn in despair from the sickening spectacle of human waste to a mystical world in which humanity is enshrouded in a hazy idealism. The war has proved that the individual is no more than an imperfect cog in a machine. To-day some of the more sensitive of these cogs, only a few years ago parts of what seemed a perfect machine, are turning upon the system that threatened to deprive them of their souls, and showing the world what a hideous place it can become. The horror of war is merely the horror of civilization in its most characteristic phase. War kills not only the body but the soul. The new German drama is not a revolt against war; it is not even a revolt against civilization: it is first drama, the mode of expression which appeals most directly to these men who have something to say. The war and the "war after the war" have furnished its impetus, and often its subject-matter.

Reinhard Goering's two important plays—he has written five in all—are definitely attributable to the war. "Seeschlacht" and "Scapa Flow" appeared respectively in 1917 and 1919. Among the minor plays is "Der Erste," a short play in prose, of which one can say very little. A priest falls desperately in love with a woman, kills her, and accuses her former lover of the crime. Just as the lover is about to be hanged, the priest confesses and the man is released. It is a study in psychology, in which the characters are thinly disguised abstractions. There is one touch, at the end of the piece, that reveals the philosophy of the day: the priest renders "thanks for life," and then prepares to hang himself, as the executioner has gone. The individual achieves dignity through sacrifice of self; indeed, he can perceive the value of life only by losing it—a theme dear to the hearts of the contemporary Germans. Kaiser, in his "Bürger von Calais," was able to make it vital.

"Der Zweite" is less interesting than "Der Erste." Two married couples utter in uncertain blank verse the yearnings of their souls. "Der Retter" is a short one-act play, in which "two old men, one young man and one young woman act out the myth of life and death against the curtain of the world-war." It is an allegory, in which the dramatist seeks to express in stenographic prose what only the greatest poets can suggest in verse.

Goering is not a public figure. There is no biography as yet available and no critical study of his works. I am told that he is both a physician and a pianist. He is a dramatist only by conviction, and I understand that he has no wish to become a professional. It may well be that he has said what he had to say in his two best plays.

"Seeschlacht," which I am inclined to regard as one of the half-dozen modern German plays that will last, is in structure and conception as simple as a play of Æschylus. The scene is laid on board a German battleship just before and during the battle of Jutland. "The characters," so runs the opening stage-direction, "are seven sailors . . . in the gun-turret of a battleship . . . The play begins with a shout." It ends with a solemn requiem. "Seeschlacht" owes part of its contemporary celebrity to the fact that it can easily be considered a revolutionary drama. The "Fifth Sailor" is the "first military mutineer in the long line of revolutionary plays that have sprung direct from the war." This sailor is no less than the embodiment of the spirit

of the time, the spirit that precipitated the November revolution, and is to-day scarcely held in check by the sort of conservatives who sent young Toller to prison for "high treason."

Why, asks the Fifth Sailor, should we fight? To what end? He is told that he has no business to think of such things: it is his duty to obey orders. But Young Germany is not quite so ready to obey orders as was the Germany of a decade ago; it will know the reason why. The Fifth Sailor's words are prophetic, ominous:

I know, it is madness and crime  
What we are doing,  
For this reason:  
There are things between man and man  
Which  
Are a holier duty  
Than any struggle. . . .

The ideas expressed by these sailors throw an interesting light on the psychology of war; and the "theme" of "Seeschlacht" is largely what made that play a popular success. But this is not what makes "Seeschlacht" a beautiful drama: "Seeschlacht" is simply a sea-piece of epic grandeur. There are no act-divisions, there is no change of scene, and the action covers little more time than the duration of the performance. A battle is imminent, but none of the sailors knows when it is to be fought. They are borne softly along over the smooth sea, under a cloudless sky. One sailor is eager for the fight, one is ready to accept what comes, one cares little for anything—he has lived his brief hour in Samoa. One asks the Why? and How? and rebels at the inhuman mechanism that drives him to kill and be killed without knowing the reason.

The idle talk of the seven men shifts from speculative philosophy to personal reminiscences, but not for an instant is the tension relieved. The Fifth Sailor, the "mutineer," is impatient and sleepless, and the Third talkative. He lives over again the precious hours in the tropics:

Once—I'm not lying—we came to a town.  
We were there two weeks.  
That was living, I can tell you! . . .  
Friendly folks there,  
With funny customs. For instance, they say:  
'Life is short; don't make it needlessly hard! . . .  
One of those fellows would rather hang himself  
Than to see things go wrong.  
There were always two women, and two  
Always counted for one.  
I'm not lying. . . .

This is his life, his past and future; and he is content. The coming battle may bring him death; it matters not, he has lived once in a scented paradise, where two women "always counted for one."

One by one the sailors turn in for a few hours sleep: their strength may soon be needed. But the Fifth and First are restless. Sleep is all very well for the others—and the two talk, trying to form some just conception of their destiny as human beings. The Fifth speaks:

These limitless waters  
And the everlasting sky above, rouse the soul  
And leave us no rest.  
The spirit is awake when we look out over the  
waves  
And when the wind  
Sings in the tackle. . . .  
What our country asks of us,  
We must do, mustn't we?



*First Sailor:* Of course.

*Fifth Sailor:* Is it always right

What our country asks of us?

*First Sailor:* We must do what it commands,

Because we owe everything to our country.

*Fifth Sailor:* What do the very poor owe their country?

*First Sailor:* Much more than can be told

In words.

*Fifth Sailor:* Life is beautiful and sweet. . . .

Youth dances madly in the meadows.

Then suddenly, at the beat of drums,

All is over!

Life is over.

One after the other we go down before Death.

For two years we have been cruising about here

For two years we have been cruising about here

on the water,

Blind and mad, killing, and finding death.

Not one of us remembers another.

Not one of us knows anything,

Not one can do anything

But kill and die.

*First Sailor:* If our country demands it, so must it be.

*Fifth Sailor:* Dying is not so bad.

But who are we, and who were we? . . .

Why does our country demand?

*First Sailor:* Because it must be.

*Fifth Sailor:* Might it not be that madness reigns

Over a whole people? . . .

Must we perform

What madmen demand?

*First Sailor:* We must.

*Fifth Sailor:* What are we fighting for now?

*First Sailor:* For the Freedom of the Seas.

Of such speeches is the texture of the piece woven: thoughts and sensations surge within the breasts of the waiting men, and the poet transmutes them into limpid verse, that rises and falls to the soothing rhythm of the ocean waves.

Finally the long-expected moment is at hand. Smoke appears on the horizon, and the sleeping sailors are roused and the crew set to work with cool precision. The rats, imprisoned in their hole, silently perform their appointed tasks. Of what is happening outside the steel cell they have no idea until an officer casually reports the sinking of an enemy ship.

An explosion—two or three men lie stretched on the deck—the others carry on. Strange—the Fifth Sailor is more eager to carry on than his companions. "I like the fight!" he exclaims, for he has learned at last what ought to be "between man and man." From the lips of the "mutineer" comes the supreme irony: "Blood! Blood! In blood is truth!" On the other hand, the First Sailor, he who thinks he is fighting for the "Freedom of the Seas," who acts because he is told to act, suddenly becomes an individualist and cries out to the others: "No, hear me, men! Remember! Remember, you are men!"

After a second explosion, the smoke slowly lifts, disclosing the seven men, disguised in hideous gas-masks, lying motionless, the killed with the wounded and dying. The fate of the Fifth Sailor is for the time being unknown, but from the survivors there comes a voice uttering the last message of these victims to the Fatherland that has sent them to "kill and die":

Fatherland, Fatherland, dear Fatherland,  
We are swine  
Waiting for the butcher.  
We are calves about to be felled.  
Our blood stains the fishes in the water!  
Fatherland, see, see, see! . . .  
Fatherland, Fatherland,  
What more do you want of us? . . .

See us lying here, Fatherland.

Give us death, death, death!

The Fifth Sailor, whose strange conversion apparently occurred at the moment when he was called into action, speaks the closing lines of the play:

The fight goes on, d'you hear?

Don't close your eyes yet.

I shot well, didn't I?

I would have mutinied as well, wouldn't I?

But shooting happened to be the obvious thing to do, didn't it?

It must have been, mustn't it?

The end is a little puzzling—to those, at any rate, who insist upon the logic of ideas and forget the logic of life and the strange logic of art. Certain German critics have declared the Fifth Sailor's "conversion" to be no less than an eleventh-hour access of patriotism. But Herr Goering, I think, was not concerned with making a thesis; if he had wished to do that, he must assuredly have gone to the trouble of distorting the humanity of his characters in order to make his point. Essentially, "Seeschlacht" is a sea-piece, a successful achievement in the difficult art of creating atmosphere.

"Scapa Flow" is a companion piece. The first scene is laid aboard the German flagship towards midnight, the second on the English flagship a few minutes later. "Scapa Flow" is an epic fragment, a glorification of "useless" heroism, a hymn in honour of men who sacrifice themselves to an ideal.

The German sailors lie about the decks; they are lost souls bewailing their pitiable plight.

Now there are meaningless questions,  
Questions like dreams,  
Questions like poison,  
Questions and no answer. . . .  
We are only shadows,  
Only shadows are we now. . . .  
We are ghosts,  
Prisoners on our ships,  
That are coffins.

The drowsy voices fade into the darkness. The flash of the English searchlight circles the heavens, flutters over the captive vessels, and disappears. The German Admiral paces the deck, a tragic figure, alone, uncertain of his duty. No longer the proud lord of his fleet, he is a man among his men. He questions them, seeking a way out of his dilemma, then he turns to the sea, his face towards his Fatherland:

My country,  
My country,  
A single word from thee,  
That we may decide.  
Thou sayest nothing. Nothing.

All is in readiness. At midnight a signal is to be hoisted from the flagship, and after eleven seconds, lowered again. This is the order for the destruction of the fifty-three German ships. The Admiral has not yet made up his mind. Aboard the English flagship are singing and gaiety; no doubt, no indecision; above all, no suspicion—until too late—of what the Germans are doing. At midnight a light is seen aboard the enemy flagship; it remains eleven seconds: the German Admiral, we know, has made his momentous decision. The English lifeboats are lowered. The English Admiral speaks:

It is not the first time  
They have broken  
The sacred laws  
Of humanity.



Shortly afterwards, the German Admiral is brought aboard, and overhearing the last words of the English Admiral, echoes him:

The sacred laws  
Of humanity!

The German Admiral is made a prisoner, but before he is taken off, he asks leave to say a few words. "To whom?" "Over there," is the answer.

Oh, my country, my country,  
Ye men whose hearts  
Are faithful . . .  
Do not misunderstand us.  
The deed I did  
Was for your good. . . .  
In the days of the struggle  
We thought ourselves  
The best of all.  
But experience came,  
The terrible upheaval.  
We were forced to admit,  
We were good,  
But we were mistaken. . . .  
You will discover your error,  
You are men. . . .  
Oh, home,  
Sacred land, sacred Fatherland.  
Out of every night comes day.  
I am ready,  
Lead me away.

Reinhard Goering is no more concerned over the political and economic consequences of the sinking of the fleet than was the German Admiral. He is not called upon to judge of the wisdom of that sublime folly. It was a "useless" sacrifice, like that of the heroes who fought for a decade over Helen of Troy; but their deeds are not forgotten.

BARRETT H. CLARK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A WORD TO THE WICKED.

SIRS: Under the heading "A Policy of Destruction," in your issue of 2 May, you emphasize your view that Commissioner Burke's letter to Indians with regard to their dances "calls for thorough examination by the one hundred and ten million people in whose name he is oppressing this ancient race." As a step towards bringing about this "thorough examination," will you not kindly print Commissioner Burke's message? I enclose a copy. I have read a number of impassioned protests against this letter, but as yet I have not seen a copy of it printed by any of the objectors. I believe the text of the letter will prove of interest to your readers. I am, etc.,  
Washington, D. C.

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR.

(Enclosure.)

To ALL INDIANS: Not long ago I held a meeting of Superintendents, Missionaries and Indians, at which the feeling of those present was strong against Indian dances, as they are usually given, and against so much time as is often spent by the Indians in a display of their old customs at public gatherings held by the whites. From the views of this meeting and from other information I feel that something must be done to stop the neglect of stock, crops, gardens, and home interests caused by these dances or by celebrations, powwows, and gatherings of any kind that take the time of the Indian for many days.

Now, what I want you to think about very seriously is that you must first of all try to make your own living, which you can not do unless you work faithfully and take care of what comes from your labour, and go to dances or other meetings only when your home work will not suffer by it. I do not want to deprive you of decent amusements or occasional feast days, but you should not do evil or foolish things or take so much time for these occasions. No good comes from your

"give-away" custom at dances and it should be stopped. It is not right to torture your bodies or to handle poisonous snakes in your ceremonies. All such extreme things are wrong and should be put aside and forgotten. You do yourselves and your families great injustice when at dances you give away money or other property, perhaps clothing, a cow, a horse or a team and wagon, and then after an absence of several days go home to find everything going to waste and yourselves with less to work with than you had before.

I could issue an order against these useless and harmful performances, but I would much rather have you give them up of your own free will and, therefore, I ask you now in this letter to do so. I urge you to come to an understanding and an agreement with your Superintendent to hold no gatherings in the months when the seed-time, cultivation of crops and the harvest need your attention, and at other times to meet for only a short time and to have no drugs, intoxicants, or gambling, and no dancing that your Superintendent does not approve.

If at the end of one year the reports which I receive show that you are doing as requested, I shall be very glad for I will know that you are making progress in other and more important ways, but if the reports show that you reject this plea, then some other course will have to be taken.

With best wishes for your happiness and success, I am,  
Sincerely yours,

CHAS. H. BURKE,  
Commissioner.

February 24, 1923.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY.

SIRS: The turmoil over whether a white or coloured personnel shall operate the two-million-dollar hospital for Negro war-veterans at Tuskegee Institute is a revealing indication of the peculiar psychology of the Southern white man. Some years ago Alabama passed a law prohibiting white women from nursing Negroes. Now comes this big Government hospital with a monthly payroll of \$65,000. Race prejudice falls with a bang before the almighty dollar, and a delegation of eminent white Alabamans travels all the way to Washington to urge the President to permit whites to serve and wait upon Negro patients!

A friend of mine from Alabama has told me of another reason for the insistence by white Alabama that Negroes be not allowed to man this institution. One of the leaders of the movement to put in a white staff remarked bluntly last week, "If niggers are put at the head of this hospital, they'll be responsible *only* to the United States Government and we don't want any niggers in Alabama we can't control." At least this has the merit of frankness. In the same manner does Florida resent the recent exposé of the horrors of the convict-leasing system in that and other States.

Finally, President Harding, without reservation of any sort, stated through his secretary, in a letter dated 28 April, and addressed to the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, that the plan is "to man this institution completely with a coloured personnel." Since then the delegation of white Alabamans has called at the White House. It remains to be seen whether the President will stand by his word, or whether he yet nurses the chimerical dream of breaking the "Solid South" through catering to Southern racial prejudice. I am, etc.,

New York City.

WALTER WHITE.

THE LOST CLAUSE.

SIRS: In reference to "The Lost Clause," cited by Mr. Post in your issue of 9 May, it is interesting to note that in the case of *Marbury v. Madison*, John Marshall seems to have purposely stopped short of a discussion of its effect. (See *Beveridge, Marshall*, Vol III, p. 136.)

An act of Congress requiring more than a majority vote of the Supreme Court to decide a law to be unconstitutional, might be upheld as a valid "regulation" of appellate jurisdiction. I can not, however, agree with Mr. Post's last sentence that Congress could "except" from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court all cases arising under a particular act, and thus prevent the constitutionality of the law from being passed on.



It is generally true that the right of appeal is statutory. The Congress or the State legislatures can ordinarily provide what cases may be appealed, and regulate the practice. The legislative body can say that the decision of the trial court shall be final. But this means that it shall be final only with respect to the finding of facts and the rulings on all questions of law *except* the constitutionality of the act under which the court assumes to render judgment, or the constitutionality of the procedure by which one is deprived of life, liberty or property. On these points it is equally well settled that an appeal can be taken on the ground that the judgment is void. I therefore venture the opinion that the "lost clause" can not be construed as giving Congress the power for which Mr. Post contends.

Even if Congress could shut off appeals respecting the constitutionality of its acts, would that be desirable? How much wiser is the Congress than the Court? How much more free from external influence; the pressure of organized propaganda? Is the partisanship of Congress greatly to be preferred to the partisanship of the Court? Is the log-rolling and confusion with which acts are passed more sane than the deliberation with which acts are examined? . . .

Would those who would prevent the Supreme Court from deciding laws to be unconstitutional permit the United States District Court—one judge instead of nine—to pass upon the question? State Courts now declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. Would they permit this to continue? If so, one State Court might vote yes, another no; and there being no appeal to the United States Supreme Court, confusion would be worse confounded. A State could absolutely defy the Federal Government. Or do the advocates of an emasculated Supreme Court intend that no court shall pass on the constitutionality of an act of Congress? If so, *where is the "lost clause" applicable to the lower Federal and State courts?* This last seems to have been overlooked.

How far do the opponents of a decision-by-one-vote go? At present one-third of the Congress plus one vote—the President's—can thwart the will of the people's representatives. Would they deprive the President of his veto? If we grant that the judgment of one man ought not to be permitted to determine that some act should not be law, then let us ask how many acts become law by one vote, or at least by a majority of less than one-ninth of the membership of Congress, or, even more to the point, a majority of those voting. (Here let me say, parenthetically, that the Supreme Court does not decide grave questions by a majority of a quorum; nor are its members known to become sick, or have important out-of-town business when the vote is taken; nor are they permitted to be so dishonest and cowardly as to vote a certain way, expecting the Senate or President to veto their action, as the last Congress did on the soldiers' bonus.)

If the decision of one Senator or Congressman or President is enough to permit an act to become law, binding upon one hundred millions of people, what is there essentially wrong in permitting one judge to say it is not law? Why not require more than a majority to pass a law in the first instance, or to elect Congressmen, Senators, Presidents? But we have minority Congressmen, and minority Presidents. One thousand votes in New York defeated Blaine in '84, and I believe less than that number in California defeated Hughes in 1916. Hayes was elected in '76 by one electoral vote because the electoral commission voting four times and in each instance by a five to four majority gave him four States. Lincoln, it is said, once polled his Cabinet. The vote was unanimously "No." "The ayes have it," announced the President.

We permit decisions of the most vital importance to be made by the President, Congress, or by those who elect them, by a bare majority, a bare plurality, a majority of a quorum, or the vote of a single individual. We acquiesce in all this. We may go to war because the decision is made; yet we acquiesce.

The Supreme Court, however, is "something else again." But the question still remains: What is there in the record of the Congress in recent years which should make us anxious to have its will supreme? I am, etc.,

South Bend, Indiana.

SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL.

## BOOKS.

### RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.

THE backwardness of the social sciences, as compared with the natural sciences, is a generally admitted fact, but the causes for it have been variously estimated. Buckle thought that the social sciences had been cultivated by men of inferior ability. This may be true, but not demonstrably so, for the inferiority is inferred from the result, which may be accounted for in other ways. It has been urged, for instance, that the subject-matter of the social sciences is much more complex than that of the natural sciences; it certainly is much more variable. The inadequacy and defectiveness of the historical record is another obvious cause, though this is being gradually remedied by the discovery of new data, prehistoric as well as historic, and by the ever-accumulating ethnological material which enables the student to revise, correct and supplement the old data, and to arrive at valid generalizations by means of the comparative method. But the fact that social phenomena can not be studied by the experimental method is a disadvantage that can not be overcome; for when phenomena can not be studied in isolation and subjected to repeated tests, fallible human reason, or the power of abstraction, must take the place of the infallible objective tests of the laboratory, so that even the most certain results are surrounded by a measure of doubt and uncertainty.

These difficulties are inherent in the subject matter itself of the social sciences. But there is another difficulty, as important as any of those mentioned, which is due to human nature, namely: the inability of the average person, even the average scholar, to regard social phenomena with the same kind of detachment, disinterestedness and dispassionateness with which he views natural phenomena. Whatever be the subject of study—whether the phenomena of property, or of government, or of law and custom, of religion, of war and peace—the results and conclusions (if there be any substance to them, if they do not terminate in a tenuous metaphysic) are bound to affect the interests, passions and prejudices of the various social groups and to call forth their approval or disapproval. This, of course, is bound to affect the attitude, the scientific integrity, of the investigator himself, for he too lives, moves and has his being as a member of one or another social or national group. Rare, indeed, is the mind that can rise above its social environment and pursue the truth whithersoever it lead.

To the scientific study of religion an additional obstacle presents itself, to which, in large part, is probably due its late emergence as a branch of independent inquiry. The irreligious think it a waste of time to study a series of phenomena which they know to be mere illusions, while the religious think it unnecessary to study something of the truth of which they are convinced; so that while there is much debating about religion, *pro* and *con*, there is, even among the better educated, hardly any disinterested interest, or impersonal curiosity, in its study as a form of human thought and emotion as old, or almost as old, as humanity itself. In his book on the "Origin and Evolution of Religion"<sup>1</sup> Professor Hopkins tells us that in ancient India orthodoxy maintained that there was one inspired religion, and all other religions were decadent forms of it, while in the sixth century B. C. heterodox Hindus said that all religions were invented by priests for their own profit. Is not this a very

<sup>1</sup> "Origin and Evolution of Religion." E. Washburn Hopkins. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$3.00.



good summary of the two attitudes of mind in the matter of religion which are most prevalent among us to this day?

Perhaps the principal merit of Dr. Hopkins's book is its perfect objectivity, its serene detachment from all questions of belief and unbelief. Dr. Hopkins rightly holds that the historian of religion has nothing to do with the existence of soul and God, only with the ideas man has had of them. His programme is stated with the utmost clearness and precision in the opening paragraph:

Every religion is a product of human evolution and has been conditioned by social environment. Since man has developed from a state even lower than savagery and was once intellectually a mere animal, it is reasonable to attribute to him in that state no more religious consciousness than is possessed by an animal. What then, the historian must ask, are the factors and what the means whereby humanity has encased itself in this shell of religion, which almost everywhere has been raised as a protective growth about the social body?

If, however, we ask whether or not Dr. Hopkins has realized his programme, that is, laid bare "the factors and the means" which have determined the various forms of religion, we are obliged to answer in the negative. What his book, so admirable in temper, so brimful of a many-sided erudition, gives us, is not the origin and evolution of religion, but only various aspects or phases of it. It tells us a great deal about the worship of stones, hills, trees, plants, animals, the elements and the heavenly phenomena, man and his ancestors; about the various ideas concerning the soul; of sacrifice and ritual, priest and church; of trinitarianism and the various trinities; of the relations of religion to mythology, ethics and philosophy; something also of the leading scientific theories concerning religion. But notwithstanding all its wealth of information, the reader will in vain attempt to form a coherent notion either of the order of succession of the various religious ideas or of the causes which produced them.

It is not easy to account for this failure to formulate a consistent evolutionary theory. It may be due to the fact that Dr. Hopkins has attempted to cover too much ground, to include in his treatment all possible aspects of religion, instead of confining himself to an outline of the fundamental facts and their interrelations. The religious imagination is as fertile, as capricious and extravagant as the poetic imagination; in mythology, religion and poetry are, in fact, completely fused; and while it may be possible to draw and explain the one as well as the other in its main lines of evolution, it certainly is impossible to explain either the one or the other in all its infinite convolutions and ramifications. Perhaps the failure is due to an insufficient acquaintance with the rudimentary phenomena of religion among savage and half-savage peoples, for Dr. Hopkins is primarily an Indologist, and in India, with its multiplicity of cultural strata—the deposits of a long and involved history of racial conflicts, foreign conquests and caste gradations—the highest and the lowest forms of religion subsist side by side in the utmost confusion. Thus we are informed that in one little community of India there are worshipped, besides "the usual gods of a fairly large pantheon," a mother-goddess of the threshing-floor; a goddess of roads and steepes; a deified tree; a goddess of smallpox; "Bhulat, a cowherd, probably an historical person, and Singaja, a man who lived three hundred years ago and is now a god, remembered with an annual fair at his tomb in September"; and a god called "Fifty-Six, who represents the largest number of places to which a lost wife or child may have

strayed." Confronted with this profuse creativeness of the religious imagination, the critical faculty surrenders in speechless awe and admiration.

Again and again Dr. Hopkins refers to the influence of economic and social conditions on religious ideas. Thus he says that "the advent of agriculture increases the observance and regard for both earth and sun. . . . Till a people has fixed habitations and gardens it does not develop much religious interest in the earth. Then arise the boundary-gods and field-protectors found in India and elsewhere." Totemism he regards as, at bottom, an economic institution, and compares it with the worship, in India, by the bookkeeper of his pen, the ploughman of his plough, the fisherman of his nets. Yet nowhere does he show a clear recognition of the intimate relationship between animism, ancestor-worship, totemism, and the social organization (based on blood-relationship) into patriarchal family, clan and tribe. It is for this reason that he gives us no clear idea of the process by which monotheism grew out of polytheism, although he is aware that "if the Hebrews had not been dispersed over a wider area their god would have remained local, and monotheism probably owes its fullest expression to tribal misfortune," and that there was a monotheistic trend in ancient Greece as well as in India. Nor would he have attributed to the early Hebrews the worship of stones if he had been more fully conversant with the forms of ancestor-worship. The stone which Jacob erected as a rude pillar and anointed with oil (as told in a Yahwistic version in the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis and in an Elohist version in the thirty-fifth chapter), was not a god, but a "house of god" (*bethel*, *beth-elohim*), that is, of the ancestral god who appeared to Jacob in his dream; since it harboured a god, the stone was a sacred object, just as a grove or a temple was in later times, but it was not itself an object of worship. In the case of Rachel, which is also cited, the "god" she stole from her father Laban is plainly stated to be the *teraphim*, or ancestral images, which are repeatedly mentioned in the Hebrew Bible and which correspond to the Roman *Lares* and *Dii Manes*. The establishment of a united kingdom gave a great impulse to the monotheistic Yahweh worship, but the *teraphim* continued to be worshipped in the patriarchal families and clans down to the Babylonian exile, as can be seen from the second chapter of Jeremiah: "As the thief is ashamed when he is found, so is the house of Israel ashamed. . . . Saying to a stock, *thou art my father*; and to a stone, *thou hast brought me forth*." Only when both the Northern and the Southern kingdoms fell and the patrician clans were carried into captivity, where they dwindled and dissolved, only then did ancestor-worship disappear among the Jews and monotheism was completely victorious.

Similar processes were going on among other peoples, but at a slower pace. Dr. Hopkins notes that the Romans had no belief in the continued individual existence of souls after death, but with him this is an isolated, barren fact, unrelated either to the past or to the future or to the social and religious life of other people. It is, however, one of the astounding facts of history that the idea of soul, ghost or spirit, and its continued existence after death for an indefinite period, which is so potent in the thought of savages and barbarians, had all but vanished among the cultured peoples of antiquity (the Egyptians alone excepted) during the early historical era. In the sacred books of the Hebrews the immortality of the soul is hardly referred to, and Ecclesiastes even affirms that man dies as does the beast. Among the Greeks, too, the idea



of the continued existence of the soul, vague enough in the Iliad, grows ever fainter. Pericles does not refer to it in his famous funeral oration; in Sophocles, references to a future life are extremely vague, and death is thought of as sleep, a perfect rest from pain; Euripides is as sceptical as the Hebrew pessimist. These instances might be multiplied. Pindar alone among the post-Homeric poets is said to have a clear conception of the soul's immortality. But the idea never entirely disappeared. It was preserved in mystery-cults, together with the ancient female divinities and the idea of a half-human, suffering, dying and resurrected god; it was taken up by Plato and his school; finally, through the triumph of Christianity, it takes complete possession of the Western mind.

The entire process, and the causes which produced it, are set forth with considerable detail in Paul Lafague's essay on the "Origin and Evolution of the Concept of the Soul," which originally appeared in 1909, and has recently been made accessible to English readers—one of the masterpieces of that keen and versatile thinker, whose originality and profundity are hidden under his French lucidity. I can not attempt here to recapitulate his argument; suffice it to say, for the present purpose, that the rise and the decline of the patriarchal family, with the accompanying social conflicts, constitute the central facts in his exposition, which really gives us the origins, the succession of ideas, and the determining causes—"the factors and the means." If Dr. Hopkins's book does not realize its promise, it is because he has not clearly grasped and systematically elaborated the connexion between the religious and the social process.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

#### AN ITALIAN FEMINIST.

THE appearance of the "Andando e Stando"<sup>1</sup> of Sibilla Aleramo recalls the sensation that in 1906 greeted "Una Donna," the first novel by this significant Italian woman writer. The recent volume, a collection of essays published separately during the last ten years, is impressive as fresh proof of the richness and variety of Signora Aleramo's gift. There is penetrating criticism in the brief articles on Byron, Dostoevsky and Colette Willy, in which the author, by a strange flexibility of sympathy, insinuates herself into the very heart of her diverse subjects. Here beside the brooding, mystical beauty of the essay on an Alpine springtime, is the airy sophistication of the paper on the modern art of the modiste. Most striking, however, to one familiar with the author's earlier work, is the "Apologia dello Spirito Femminile," which, in sternly ringing prose, is a trumpet-call to womankind to realize their own individuality and speak at last with an authentic voice in literature.

The significance of Signora Aleramo's best work is that it represents precisely this liberation of the feminine spirit. Her novels, "Una Donna" and its sequel "Il Passaggio," not only tell the story of the heroine's gradual, hard-won self-realization; they also illustrate the struggle of the woman artist to achieve an accurate literary expression of her feminine genius. Signora Aleramo's novels are characteristic products of one who is consciously breaking new ground: they impress one immediately by their resolute sincerity, an impression heightened by the autobiographical form in which they are cast. In her first novel, this sincerity is almost wholly a matter of the intellect alone. "Una Donna" is the record of the gradual integration of a gifted girl's personality from her poetic childhood through the slow perception of her parents' tragedy,

the catastrophe that ends her own girlhood, and the martyrdom of her marriage, to her revolt and flight into a life of freedom. It is a complete revelation: every detail of the heroine's experience, every phase of her expanding consciousness, is laid bare. But it is an objectified account. We are minutely informed, but as at arm's length, concerning Rina's states of mind; we are never immersed in her mood.

One recalls, in reading this earliest novel, the author's half regretful confession in a later essay, that she first learned to express herself in the "language of men." In its intellectualized, semi-objective presentation of even purely subjective material, as well as in its sinewy style and carefully ordered structure, "Una Donna" does indeed belong to an older literary tradition. But its theme and its moving power of indignation—an indignation which at times, in its exposure of the typical wrongs of women, becomes sheer propaganda—suggest a new feminine consciousness working strongly within the confines of an old artistic form.

In Signora Aleramo's second novel we see this elder tradition definitely broken and abandoned. "Il Passaggio" is without shape in any accepted aesthetic sense of the term; a fluid stream of impressions which, overflowing all limits of form, mirrors with exquisite fidelity the heroine's mood through her later love experiences. The book reveals a certain disintegration. It indicates that the author has rejected all literary mediums hitherto evolved and has reverted to elemental impressionism. This is a necessary first step, Signora Aleramo maintains in the "Apologia dello Spirito Femminile," towards a genuine feminine self-expression in literature. Women must first disregard the images in which men have embodied their visions of the world, turn their eyes inward, explore and faithfully transcribe their own peculiar responses to life, chaotic though the earliest results may be from a literary point of view. New artistic forms that are truly expressive of this new feminine creative spirit will in time develop naturally. "Il Passaggio," however, judged absolutely and not by its significance as a pioneer work, justifies the author's methods. It is a beautiful book. Incidentally, it confirms what one had suspected in reading "Una Donna"—that these novels are autobiographical in fact as well as in form. Moreover, its broken, rhapsodic pages are the manifestation of a fecund temperament that is capable of assimilating and reproducing the most varied experiences: only a nature of rare vitality could so capture in its entirety and convey in words an individual consciousness, whether its own or that of a created character. "Il Passaggio" does so convey the heroine Rina's consciousness; in fact the book is her consciousness. Opening it we plunge into the depths of her being. Every oscillation of her spirit, every shadow cast on it by a passing event, is reflected in the narrative; and the vividness and immediacy with which external elements, persons and places, glimpsed only through the heroine's impressions, appear to the reader, is added proof of the author's power. Rina's lovers, seen in wavering outline through her shifting perceptions, are living and minutely recognizable. Similarly, aspects of outdoor nature are given with singular vigour and beauty. There are no set "nature pictures," however, in "Il Passaggio." Rather are natural forces revealed as mingling inextricably with the heroine's consciousness, so that outdoor scenes seem the visible embodiment of her changing mood—the shy tenderness of the early Italian spring, the grim hopelessness of November, the wind-swept energy of the bright sea flashing with sails.

Such passages dealing with aspects of nature reveal most the distinctive quality of Signora Aleramo's gift; a rich primal quality, somehow akin to earth. But the whole beautifully accurate impressionism of the book

<sup>1</sup> "Andando e Stando." Sibilla Aleramo. Florence: R. Bemporad & Figlie.



springs from the same basic vitality. This freshness of perception and feeling "Il Passaggio" shares with the work of other woman literary pioneers in Europe to-day. Like most of these pathfinders, of whom Miss Dorothy Richardson is perhaps the most important, Signora Aleramo has achieved what might be called a source-book of method and material for future novelists—one of the works that are mentioned in histories of literature because of their "influence"—rather than a finished product that will hold a generally acknowledged place in the permanent body of Italian literature. Like her fellow-pioneers she foreshadows in her writing some of the surprises in store for those who rashly dogmatize about the feminine spirit.

HELEN ROSE BALFE.

### DANGEROUS READING.

"THE trouble with most of us is that we don't know anything about the history of our own country, nothing about its traditions and nothing about its original purposes," said Mr. Dudley Field Malone recently, in a plea for the recognition of Soviet Russia.

If only the editorial writers of the dailies of to-day were aware that, had our late war-time espionage act existed in 1812, Daniel Webster would have set the fashion for Eugene Debs; or that Frank P. Blair, Andrew Jackson's Ray Stannard Baker, was affiliated with "a revolutionary organization mustering its strength from the indebtedness and poverty of the people"—a proletarian revolutionary organization, evidently—they might pause a bit before charging to the "foreign" elements in our population all the existing hostility to our present Government. It would scarcely hurt some of the clamorous hundred per centers of our day to be reminded that those who are bent upon overthrowing the authority of the United States, even by force of arms, have not always been South Europeans or Jews, Dr. Lothrop Stoddard to the contrary notwithstanding. They have occasionally borne such names as John C. Calhoun, John Tyler, R. Y. Hayne and William Cabell Preston; nor has history recorded the temerity of those men as anything other than a mistaken patriotism.

This, of course, was before the rise of Colonel William J. Burns, of the Burns Agency and the Secret Service, one and inseparable. In the good old days, the plotters against our Government were men of substance and property, who were thus free from the peril of having "red" literature planted on them. They delivered their seditious utterances proudly, in the national capitol itself, and franked thousands of copies to the public at the expense of the State, at a time when pamphlets attacking the sacred institution of human slavery were denied the United States mails. It was no "bolshhevik," but Andrew Jackson, President of the United States who wrote:

It is to be regretted that the rich and powerful too often bent the acts of Government to their selfish purposes. Every man is equally entitled to protection by law; but when the laws undertake to add to those natural and just advantages artificial distinctions, to grant titles, gratuities and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and the powerful more potent, the humble members of society—the farmers, mechanics and labourers—who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favours themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their Government.

There are men who are in Fort Leavenworth to-day because they uttered criticisms of our Government that are less offensive than these words.

For this reason, Mr. Claude G. Bowers's "The Party Battles of the Jackson Period"<sup>1</sup> should be required reading

<sup>1</sup>"The Party Battles of the Jackson Period." Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$6.00.

for editorial writers, and none the less so because Mr. Bowers is himself an editorial writer of a Democracy so rooted in the essential traditions of our national life that one can not but question the utility of the Pulitzer prizes in journalism when a Bowers has no desk in Park Row. It sufficiently illustrates the change in our journalism itself that a comparison of the French reluctance to pay the indemnities fixed by the Rives treaty of 1831 with the eagerness of the French to collect the indemnities fixed by the treaty of Versailles would prove of far less interest in Democratic editorial circles to-day than an advocacy of our entry into the League of Nations. A writer equipped to draw a parallel between President Jackson's fight against the financial domination of the country by the Bank of the United States and "the powerful and corrupting monopolies" of our day, "fatal to the liberties of the people," in Taney's radical phrase, might display his talents in the *Liberator*, but scarcely in the editorial columns of a metropolitan daily. We are forward-looking men and women, indeed, these days; we have to be, for when we delve into our past we risk coming face to face with a proletarianism in high places which is no longer respectable, a radicalism of which we have grown to be heartily ashamed.

There is another reason why Mr. Bowers's valuable study of the days of Jackson is a dangerous book to place in the hands of the young. The end of Mr. Harding's second term as President will mark the centenary of American party-government in its present form—a hundred years of the political methods first practised by Andrew Jackson's "kitchen cabinet," to the confusion of what Dr. Stoddard would call the "neo-aristocracy" of the Massachusetts-Virginia dynasty. It is not inappropriate, therefore, that from the heights of Mr. Hoover's achievements in the field of publicity, one should glance backward a century to the humble beginnings of political propaganda on a nation-wide scale, as conceived by Frank P. Blair and first developed in the *Washington Globe*; that the centenary of the "party-platform" should be fittingly celebrated with due honours to Amos Kendall, the inventor of the same. How little all this has changed in a hundred years is illustrated by the fact that Jackson named his campaign-manager Postmaster-General, precisely as if Kendall had been a Cortelyou or a Will Hays; how little methods of campaign-procedure have altered, by the fact that 20,000 copies of Henry Clay's attack on the President's message on foreign relations were printed as a public document and distributed under the Congressional frank as campaign-material.

But the danger of permitting young America to divine that our political methods and our party-system are a hundred years old—that they existed, in fact, when our national legislators made their way to Washington in stagecoaches, when the streets of the capital were unpaved mud-holes, when drunkenness was a matter of course, gambling for high stakes fashionable and duelling the usual thing—is serious indeed. It is to be hoped that our public libraries will confine the circulation of Mr. Bowers's book to precinct committeemen and members of Congress, whose taste may be regarded as incorruptible.

PAXTON HIBBEN.

### A MINOR ARTIST.

"BUT even the ship heaved frightfully, and the coast with all its precipices, gardens, pines, pink and white hotels, and hazy, curly green mountains swooped past the window, up and down, as if it were on swings." There one has Bunin's art;<sup>1</sup> his capacity for seeing things not only clearly, but brilliantly, with a lucidity which is almost

<sup>1</sup>"The Gentleman from San Francisco and Other Stories." I. A. Bunin. Translated by D. H. Lawrence, S. S. Kotliansky and Leonard Woolf. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$1.50.



unnatural. His eye is abnormally perfect, if one may use an unnatural phrase to describe an unnatural gift; as perfect as the camera, as minute and exact; and it is aided by a power of literary description which is astonishingly efficient, giving economically, without heightening or blurring of the outline, the thing exactly as it is. But—it is the measure of Bunin's unnatural talent—he describes inanimate things better than men and women. The gentleman from San Francisco is never clear to us—never, indeed, comes to life; and it is only his dinner-jacket, his white shirt, the rooms he successively inhabits, the liner in which he crosses the Atlantic, which are described with a sombre and pitiless beauty that gives them cumulatively a spiritual power entirely without solace. But simply because the outward circumstances of modern life are described better than that life itself, the effect of the story is more devastating. Bunin shows us an American plutocrat who is inhumanly devoid of any attribute of power save that of conserving his riches or of spending them for his sensual comfort; he drags this mean, this almost lifeless creature through a pageant of splendid scenes, of monstrously glittering hotels; he pours champagne down his throat and the music of string quartets into his ears; he gives him all the physical things which he can, and all the æsthetic things which he can not enjoy: the American remains impersonally torpid. The result is a picture, so generalized that it can be called a symbol, of a large section of modern life. Everywhere in it the machinery of civilization is not only more powerful but more admirable than the individual it is operated to serve. The pearls of modern existence are false, Bunin seems to say, but still they are too good to cast before its swine. Thus, although everything described in "The Gentleman from San Francisco" is meretricious, the impression of incongruity between the glitter of our outward life and the almost total inanition and stupor of our spiritual life produces in the end a feeling of irony which is impressive because, arising naturally, it has the aspect of truth.

But, unfortunately, Bunin is not content with that. He touches up his vision; he melodramatizes it a little. The means are all too obviously designed for the end; and that indirectness of art which we call objectivity is lost in the rigid working out of the problem which the author—we see it from the beginning—has before him. The irony is so deliberate that it loses the real effect of irony; and thus "The Gentleman from San Francisco" is not, in spite of Mr. Middleton Murry, "one of the greatest short stories of our age, and perhaps the only great short story which is truly modern in the sense that it gives a synthesis of existence under aspects which never existed before the end of the nineteenth century." It is not in the serious tradition of art because it is written not to render imaginative truth, but to obtain an effect. That it attains the effect, consummately, and making every stroke tell, there is, on the other hand, no doubt. Bunin is a minor artist whose craftsmanship is so potent that it is sometimes too headstrong for his art. What he attempts to do he can do almost too well. But when Mr. Middleton Murry says that "the narrative sweeps like one of the Atlantic billows amid which it passes, with a restrained and rhythmical fury from mockery to mockery," one is compelled to disagree; the billows are artificial, and they move far too much at Bunin's command.

The other stories in the book have the same curious artificiality, the same extreme felicitousness in description. The pattern is in each case set, and Bunin is concerned with rendering it mathematically; and he hardly ever lets in a breath of crude life to disturb him in his labour. His problem is to arrange matters so that his characters "die at the right time," in Nietzsche's phrase; but a great

part of the interest and the pathos of life consists in the fact that this rarely happens. In almost all great art there is a tremendous sense of the untimeliness not only of death, but of all mortal happenings; in Bunin's stories everything is made timely. But allowing for the false completeness of his work, which excludes it definitely from the realm of serious art, he has enormous virtues as a craftsman; qualities which will delight every one who can appreciate the difficulties and the subtleties of writing. The translations are probably the best that have been made in English from the Russian tongue.

EDWIN MUIR.

#### HUMAN GEOGRAPHY.

"ONLY within the last few years," writes Dr. Newbegin, editor of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, "have geographers discovered that man is, always and everywhere, in some sort, a Robinson Crusoe, using as he can what lies in reach of his hand. He and his environment act and interact; his societies and institutions no less than his material possessions bear the mould of the physical circumstances under which they first arose." This statement, in Dr. Newbegin's "Frequented Ways,"<sup>1</sup> a general survey of the land-forms, climates and vegetation of Western Europe considered in their relation to the life of man, would support a belief that each specialization of science nowadays is rediscovering the obvious, reiterating the platitude that man is the measure of all things. But, in a world where the exceptional and seemingly new have been exploited until one no longer responds to their stimuli, the obvious and the platitudinous begin to provoke wonder, and there seems to be something novel and subversive in the commonplace truth of Dr. Newbegin's book that man is a land animal.

The author of "Frequented Ways" shows how this simple fact came to be lost sight of during the industrial revolution. "We live, as it were," he says, "no longer on a definite patch of the earth's surface, by whose characters all our activities are controlled, but in a dream-land, and are served by the dusky jinns of the coal-mine. That this, the condition into which all living men and women have grown up, is a specialized and not a primitive one, is an obvious commonplace, but one nevertheless which till recently had been forgotten. The human geographers, or anthropographers as they love to call themselves, are in the act of rediscovering it, and their emphasis on what ought to be, but has ceased to be, the obvious adds at least a new interest to travel." Certainly Dr. Newbegin's geographical interpretation of Western European civilization should add enormously to the pleasure of travellers who are not specializing in cuisine and the new modes of dress. Cultivation of the land and human culture, temperament and customs, even railways and cathedrals, are revealed in his book as the inevitable products of soil and climate and immemorial geological events.

But the material factors of the geographic conditions out of which Western European civilization has grown are not viewed as the beginning and the end of the whole matter. Dr. Newbegin, as a human geographer, is well aware that man does not live by bread alone; and after he has told us, for instance, that the cathedral of Chartres was built by local wealth made in growing grain in the especially fertile region of Beauce (tertiary limestone covered with deep, well-watered loam), he goes on to interpret, poetically as we shall see, the unity and continuity of human life that found expression in the cathedrals:

The fact . . . that the country people bring their children at the harvest season to place them under the protection of

<sup>1</sup> "Frequented Ways." Marion I. Newbegin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.



the famous Black Virgin of Chartres is full of significance in the history of the region. Beauce is a natural unity, a grain-producing land encircled by forest and marsh; in such cases the emotions engendered by the corporate life tend to associate themselves with a central shrine, which is at once their expression and their fount. To the market the peasants bring their corn; in the cathedral they express and renew the feelings which make continuity of human life possible. The generations come and go, but the despair which the shortness of their duration tends to produce is conquered by the splendours of the cathedral, which is the symbol of the permanent in human ideals, in spite of the ceaseless alternation of birth and death. The child brought to receive the blessing of the great Mother has at best before it a brief span of life, but the pavement which it treads has been trodden by the feet of countless others in the generations which are gone, and will be trodden by the feet of countless others still to come. Its fathers have sown and reaped and they with their sheaves have rotted into dust, but the cathedral remains, and is in its turn but an image of something greater even than itself or than the creed it symbolizes.

Again, in his description of the hill-towns of Provence and Transapennine Italy, Dr. Newbegin manifests a lively sense of human values in contrasting this agricultural urbanization—the dwellers in the hill-towns are husbandmen and their families—with the industrial urbanization of England:

Within certain limits and at a certain level most of our towns are efficiently managed. This kind of efficiency is for the most part absent in the towns of Mediterranean Italy, and the northern tourist, who is shocked by obvious delinquencies, tends to condemn the inhabitants wholesale as shiftless, idle, dirty, and so forth. Closer inspection will, however, show that the town does often provide very adequately for needs of whose existence our municipalities are just beginning to be aware. The traveller who is unutterably scandalized by the condition of a hill-town street should remember that art means leisure, and that we may suppose that the great art of the past represents in a sense time saved which farther north would have been spent in scavenging, not an inspiring occupation at best. The question whether it is better to have a dirty street and a marvellous church, or a spotless street and hideous public buildings is one which each individual must settle for himself. . . .

"Frequented Ways" is full of suggestive matter of this sort. It begins with a geological sketch of Western Europe, which is followed by a description of the climate, soil, and vegetation in typical regions, and of the types of agriculture determined by regional characters and modified by recent industrial needs. It is a most interesting compendium of geological and geographical fact, and an interpretation of these facts which does not leave out of account, as works of this sort have tended to do until very recently, the human drama which plays in continuous performance against such a background. It begins, in the classic manner of geographies, by bounding the region that is to be described; but, unlike the geographies of our childhood, "Frequented Ways" does not stop with a catalogue of rivers, mountains, towns, cities, agricultural and industrial products, and population in the bounded district. It traces man's growth from the soil even into the realm of his greatest and most complex developments in art and religion.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

AFTER a number of small volumes in which modern life is held up to the light of a mildly satirical pocket flashlight, Mr. Bergengren presents us with a series of sketches in which his imagination is permitted full flight. In "Gentlemen All and Merry Companions"<sup>1</sup> we have a "Treasure Island" grown up, in which the pirates suffer from all the maladies which render

modern life so absurdly romantic, and their lawless impulses are twisted into an amusing commentary on contemporary themes. This is a book which should be recommended for the required reading of politicians and reformers. It punctures fallacies without spilling a drop of blood; and for the reader of average enlightenment, it will provide many a chuckle, although—to procure the best effect—one is inclined to prescribe an intermittent perusal of it. Taken without interruption, the whimsy becomes slightly diaphanous. John Sloan's illustrations lend a delightfully ironic edge to the narrative.

L. B.

BROAD horizons and tropical settings heighten the effectiveness and the dramatic quality of Mr. Colcord's short stories.<sup>2</sup> What the author concisely labels "this gruelling difficulty of life" manages to get itself more graphically projected amid the hazards of the sea than it might if the same elements were cast against a more tranquil background. Mr. Colcord has studied his types with an alert and selective intelligence. His emphasis is on action rather than atmosphere, which at times gives his work too great a surface lustre at the expense of character, but some of his creations—particularly his specimens of Chinese character—emerge with real success. The book contains an interesting preface, slightly autobiographical, and the tales are linked by several of the author's chanteys.

L. B.

THE publication of his latest volume of preferred paragraphs<sup>3</sup> moves Mr. George Jean Nathan to a contemplation of his own motives in what may be termed a career of æsthetic pea-shooting. People have been saying to him, he confides: "The theatre is too trivial for your later years. Why continue?" This question provides the theme for a pleasant foreword, in which the author consolidates his position, as it were, and digs himself in for another decade of pea-shooting. Having developed the strategy of this form of warfare to its present perfection, he is naturally loath to retreat. Besides, he enjoys it; and since there is manifestly a considerable public which shares his enjoyment, there is no good reason why he should cease firing. The present collection of detached but related opinions follows the pattern of its predecessors in every respect. When he is not posing as a sort of critical back-drop for Mr. Menck-en, he projects some excellent patter over the footlights, brings out some of his old prejudices in fresh costumes, and does a good ventriloquist turn with a Viennese dummy. Mr. Nathan is, in fact, one of the few one-man shows in dramatic criticism. As such, he deserves—and usually gets—a hand.

L. B.

BROUGHT up in the traditions of their leisurely civilization, the Chinese are proverbially slow to anger. When one considers the accepted view of the Oriental character, it is even puzzling to account for the Chinese invention of anything as prompt and free from deliberation as dynamite, and—by the same token—it is hard to conceive what must be the Chinese attitude towards wit. If brevity is the soul of it, it must be a soulless thing—according to Western standards, at any rate. Over the portal of the Chinese temple of mirth is inscribed, no doubt, the adjuration: "Abandon Laste, all ye that enter here." "Kai Lung's Golden Hours"<sup>4</sup> is a series of tales that seems to justify this assumption, and its success with the reader is a matter of temperament. To Hilaire Belloc, who wrote the introduction to the volume, this rippling, even-measured prose, with its gravity and its shrewd but unemphatic humour, is a source of unbounded enthusiasm. He pays it high tribute here, and he paid it even higher tribute not long ago by writing "The Mercy of Allah," in which he employed a similar technique with decided success. Ernest Bramah is a writer of unquestioned individuality; his style is graceful and composed, and the topics with which he is concerned are those that share the mood in which they have been created.

L. B.

<sup>1</sup>"An Instrument of the Gods." Lincoln Colcord. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup>"The World in Falseface." George Jean Nathan. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

<sup>3</sup>"Kai Lung's Golden Hours." Ernest Bramah. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

<sup>4</sup>"Gentlemen All and Merry Companions," Ralph Bergengren. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Co. \$2.00.



## All sorts and conditions of readers.

Long may he wave!

It was my intention to discontinue my subscription at the end of the year. But when that time arrived I was ill, in bed and helpless. I meant to do that, not because I find reading the *Freeman* much of a task, although I believe you are too cynical and should surprise your readers by an occasional outburst of praise, but because I am now approaching seventy-eight, and ill, and still have some dependents whom I must care for as long as I live, out of the salary which, thank God, I am still receiving and trying to earn. This will not interest you, but it will explain why I am only enclosing my cheque for \$3.00, for a half year's subscription. If at the end of that period I am still alive and able to work I hope to renew my subscription.

Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Agreeable ad interim appreciation.

In the hurried state in which I find myself at present, it would be futile to attempt to write an adequate appreciation of your journal. That is a task which I must reserve for a period of greater leisure. For the present, let it suffice to say that I can not afford to be without it.

Winnipeg, Canada.

We did it on purpose.

It must be malice aforethought that the last issue of my subscription should be the best in many weeks. It makes a renewal inevitable.

New York City.

Not if we can help it.

Don't let me miss a number!

New Haven, Connecticut.

The proof-reader protests.

I have a complete file from the beginning, and have read probably more of it than any other subscriber—unless your proof-reader be counted as such. I admire it more than ever, because more discriminatingly—or so I fancy. At any rate, you are one of the few publications necessary to a civilized life in comparative isolation.

Bluemont, Virginia.

Thank you!

May I take this occasion to tell you how adequately and admirably your paper fills a long-felt want in the periodical world. Thank you!

Freeborn, Minnesota.

**I**N next week's issue we shall publish the first of a series of articles by Mr. Albert Jay Nock, on the origin, history, and intention of the State. These articles, which are intended as a brief introduction to the literature of the subject, may also be regarded as summing up this paper's attitude towards the State. Those who have only lately begun to read the paper, and who inquire what the editors mean when they use such expressions as "political government," "the political means," or "the economic means," will find their questions answered in these articles. They will also find an answer to the question which is put to this paper oftener perhaps than any other: "If you have no faith in Governments, what can you suggest to take their place?" The answer may not be what they expect or desire, but it will make clear the reason why the editors of the *FREEMAN* are more interested in persuading people to think on this problem than in providing them with a formula for its solution.

This is the logical occasion for the induction into the fraternity of *FREEMAN* readers of those persons upon whom you have been urging this paper.

Similarly, it is the opportunity you may have looked for, the opportunity to co-ordinate some thoughts and ideas that refuse to fall gracefully into your mind's pattern.

The announcement of the series is made in advance so as to afford our well-wishers a week in which to apprise their friends, encourage their news-dealers, renew subscriptions and enter new subscriptions for their local public libraries and their clubs. We want to get for next week's *FREEMAN* the large circulation that it deserves.

If you want sample copies, ask us for them, or let us send them direct to your friends.

## ORDER FORM

THE FREEMAN,

116 West 13th Street, New York City

1923

For the enclosed \$..... please send the *FREEMAN* for ..... weeks to

Name ..... Address .....

Name ..... Address .....

Signed .....

Price of the *FREEMAN*: In the United States, postpaid, 52 issues, \$6.00; 26 issues, \$3.00; 10 issues, \$1.00. In Canada, 52 issues, \$6.50; 26 issues, \$3.25; 10 issues, \$1.00. In other foreign countries, 52 issues, \$7.00; 26 issues, \$3.50; 10 issues, \$1.00.